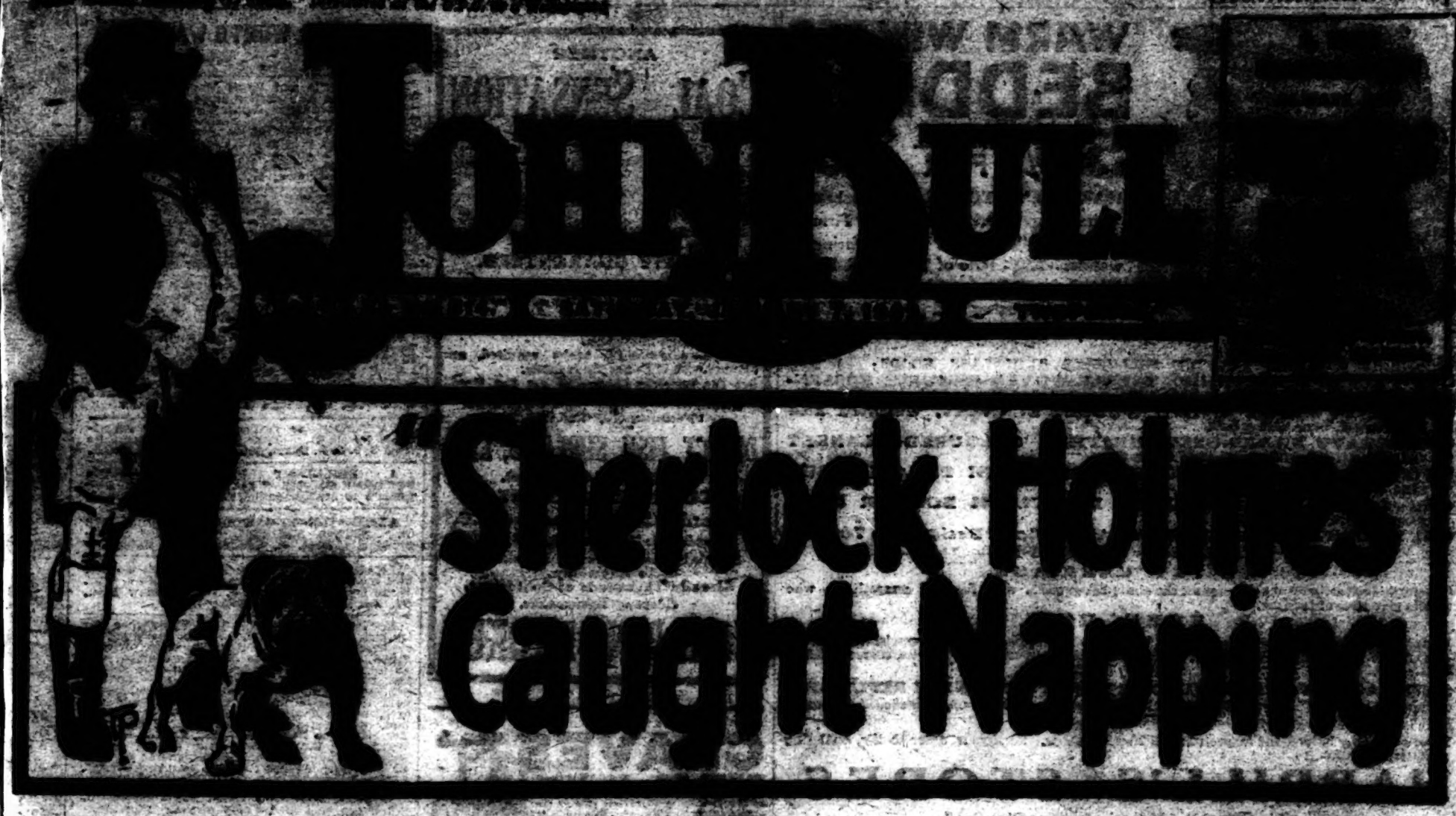

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Why bother about any other milk when you can get the highest perfection and protection in

By Appointment to H.M. the King

NESTLÉ'S ENGLISH OR SWISS MILK

THE RICHEST IN CREAM

REDUCED PRICES 7d. & 1/1½d. Cash per tin,

AND

IDEAL MILK

(if unsweetened preferred)

REDUCED PRICES 5d. & 9½d. Cash per tin.

Milks offered at other prices are not guaranteed by us

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English Condensed Milk is no novelty: ten times more Nestlé's is produced and sold in England than all other brands combined, but you can have Swiss if preferred.

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WARM WINTER BEDDING

50/- BALE FOR 30/-

HARRILL'S STORES, of Manchester, "the Largest British Bedding Firm in the World," are this week offering a wonderful 50/- Bale of WINTER BEDDING for 30/- (nothing more to pay). This Bale is being sold to-day elsewhere at 50/-.

IT CONTAINS ALL THE FOLLOWING HIGH-CLASS GOODS:

ONE PAIR OF LANCASHIRE TREBLE-WOVEN GENUINE ROSSENDALE VALLEY TWILL SHEETS, pure from the loom, size 70 x 90.
ONE HEAVY SNOWY WHITE WOOLLY BLANKET, whipped and hemmed, size 63 x 84.
ONE HEAVY SILVER-GREY HEATHER COLOURED BLANKET raised and bordered, size 60 x 80.
TWO PURE WHITE BLEACHED LONGCLOTH PILLOW CASES, size 30 x 16.
ONE LARGE SIZE BLEACHED LONGCLOTH BOLSTER CASE, size 36 x 18.
ONE MAGNIFICENT ART BEDSPREAD, in Floral Design, size 70 x 90.

All Bedding for Double Size Beds.

WE PAY CARRIAGE.

Cut out this advertisement and compare the above list of goods with those of competitors, who seldom give sizes of bedding.

FREE RUG

Everybody enclosing this advertisement with order will receive FREE, as special discount, a Magnificent "EMPRESS" Hearthrug, in Crimson, Blue, and Green, Old Gold coloured fringe. Size 27 x 54.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY INSTANTLY REFUNDED.

Treasury Notes must be sent by Registered Post. Postal Orders and Cheques should be crossed & Co. and made payable to Harrill's Stores, Manchester.

These goods may be seen and inspected at all Harrill's shops. Send your order to-day, enclosing remittance for 30/-, to

HARRILL'S STORES,

"The World's Manufacturing Drapers,"

STRETFORD ROAD :: :: :: MANCHESTER.

WHOOPING COUGH

The Ideal Family Remedy cures a Whole Family of Little Sufferers.

Mrs. York, of 2, King's-road, Rushden, Northants, says: "I shall always praise Veno's Lightning Cough Cure for the good it has done my children. Some years ago one of my little boys caught whooping cough, and was very ill indeed. The attacks came on in the night, and I had constantly to be on the alert ready to run to his assistance. My husband suggested Veno's. He had taken it himself, and knew its value. So I got some, and very soon there was improvement and quickly the child recovered his normal health. Since then Veno's has cured my other children of the same ailment. It is quite wonderful. Children like it too."

Mrs. York's Children.

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the Safest and Surest Remedy for

COUGHS AND COLDS.
LUNG TROUBLES.
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BRONCHITIS.
ASTHMA.

1/3
A BOTTLE.

DIFFICULT BREATHING.
WHOOPING COUGH.
BLOOD SPITTING.
HOARSENESS.
INFLUENZA.

Large size, 3/-. The 2/- size is the more economical. Of Chemists and Medicine Vendors the World over.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.—We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL*—i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL, *Advertisement Department, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

ANOTHER

COAL SENSATION

	Our Price Elsewhere per ton charged at
Best Household Coal	45/- 60/-
Best Silver Coal	42/- 55/-
Best Nuts Coal	40/- 50/-
Super Kitchen Coke	30/- 40/-
Super Anthracite Cobbles	60/- 80/-

QUALITY GUARANTEED.

In 2 Ton lots delivered free in London within a radius of 6 miles of King's Cross Station.
Delivered beyond the 6 mile radius charged 1/- per Ton per mile extra.
If non-hundredweight sacks required, an extra charge of 1/- per ton is made.
One Ton Deliveries Charged 5/- per Ton Extra.

SECURE YOUR WINTER SUPPLIES by sending order and cash to

DIRECT FUEL SUPPLIES, LTD.

Capital £2,000,000.
COAL DEPARTMENT,
32, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1
Telephone: Museum 4985, 4986, 4984.
Special Quotations for Traublands to Anywhere.
Already Thousands of Customers.
Heaps of Testimonials.

COAL RING BROKEN

GRAVES CYCLES

20/- WITH ORDER.

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HEAL, Harris and Lewis Homespuns, direct from Makers; best quality only; patterns free. Stornoway Tweed Depot, James Street, Stornoway.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 54 provincial Newspapers for 7/10. London and Suburban Series extra. Scheme for registration Central Press Series (Dept. BB), 190, Strand, London, W.C.2.

A GOOD SPARE-TIME AGENCY.—Agents wanted having from respectable parties, with a regular employment to supply Boots, Drapery, Watches, Jewellery, Cutlery, Photos, cash or credit. No selling. Special quality of Overcoats, Raincoats, Costumes, Frocks, Gent's Suits, Lavender Hill, London.

£5 to £10 weekly can be easily earned for a small outlay of 30s.; no previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars to H. Lovell (Dept. J.B.), 142, Bermondsey, London.

A B C GUIDE to Beauty and Personal Worth gained. For Businessmen, Doctors and Beginners. Also secrets of Prints, Beauty, Ladies' Overalls, Tweeds, Blouses, Trousseau Samples, etc. Genuine suggestions. Make money. Big Catalogue free. Write to-day. Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Victoria Arcade, Manchester.

TATTOOING or Tattoo Removing by experienced Specialist. T. or R. Davis, complete from 5/6. C. R. Davis, 319, Grey's Inn Rd., W.C.1.

A BRILLIANT PROPOSITION. — The STRAKER-SQUIRE "six." Write for particulars to Straker-Squire, Ltd., Edmonton, N.18.

AXMINSTER RUG WOOL, all colours, 2/6 lb. Samples and illus. Handicraft free.—Stoddart's, Dept. S., Empire Works, Halifax.

LEARN the Mail Order Business and be your own master. £5 capital makes £500 a year. Write for particulars, Dept. 4, L. Shaw Syst., 57, Red Lion Street, London, W.C.

ROYAL AIR FORCE.—Semi-skilled men for training as skilled tradesmen for many trades required. Immediate vacancies, motor drivers, fitters, etc. Ages 18 to 38 ex-Servicemen, and 18 to 25 civilians. Men over 18 must be fit. Pay commencing at rates between 2/- and 5/6 per day, according to trade. Marriage allowance paid to married men of 21 years of age and over, with allowance for children. For particulars, write, stating age, or call, Inspector of Recruiting, 4, Hamilton Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2; or R.A.F. Recruiting Depots, Cheapside, Bridge, James Watt St., Birmingham; or 200, Pitt Street, Glasgow; or 15, St. Anne Street, Liverpool; or 15, Old Town Street, Plymouth.

DOBBIE AND CO., LTD., Royal Seedsmen, Edinburgh, will send a copy of their 1922 Catalogue and Guide to Gardening free. Mention paper.

HOW to make GERMAN MARKS dividend earning. Send 2d. for Illustrated Booklet to Dept. B.J., London and County Trust, Ltd., 56, Moorgate Street, London, E.C.2.

Have you entered for the "Happy Endings" Competition in PASSING SHOW?

Your Last Chance.

A MOST AMUSING FIRESIDE COMPETITION

NO ENTRANCE FEE.

Buy this week's copy—you will be interested.

Here is an example:

DRI-PED REG.

Super-Leather for Soles.

LOOK FOR THE PURPLE DIAMOND.

"Hark," demanded DOBSON, *"I told you to mix these boots with 'Dri-ped.' Where's the Purple Diamond? It seems to me .....*

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Finish it off in ten words or less. To get full details buy the best of all humorous Journals:—

THE PASSING SHOW

Price 2d.

IF IT'S

GO TO BLOOM'S

Provide for Yourself and Your Family by taking out an Endowment Policy with the

CITY LIFE ASSURANCE CO., LTD.,
6, Paul Street,
FINSBURY, E.C.2.

Managing Director: LEONARD ALDRIDGE.

Write for particulars NOW.

GRAVES OF SHEFFIELD

Write for patterns, post free, of Overcoats, Suits, Costumes, Furcoats, Mackintoshes, etc., or Catalogues of Footwear, Wool Scarfs, Drapery, Ladies' & Children's Clothing, Sheffield Cutlery, Gramophones and Records, Toys & Dessert Services, Bedsteads, Bedding, Sewing Machines, Cycles, Tyres, Carpets and Lino, Pottery & Appliances, etc. Grand values. EASY TERMS

JOHN BULL

"Here shall the Press the People's right maintain,
Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain."—*Joseph Story.*

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rent.

"The hope of all who suffer,
The dread of all who wrong."
Whittier.

Vol. XXXI. No. 814. Week ending Saturday, January 7th, 1922. Twopence.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The New Year.

"Nineteen Twenty-Two" is opening in a spirit of general optimism, but only good trade will save the situation—and it is up to the various Trade Unions to give a lead.

India and Egypt

After Ireland—India and Egypt, where the native de Valeras are in high spirits over the establishment of the Irish Free State. But neither of those two countries is yet ripe for self-government.

The General Election.

We learn from a high political source that it is the intention of the Government, after the Irish Free State has been set up, to pass a House of Lords Reform Bill—giving Ministers the right to sit in either House—and then "go to the country" in the autumn. Meanwhile, watch "F. E."—and Winston.

Scraps of Paper.

The published facsimiles of the wonderful "Quadruple Pact" entered into by the Great Powers at Washington have an uncanny resemblance to those pictures of another "scrap of paper" which used to embellish the recruiting posters. Let us hope the sealing-wax is stronger.

Just Fancy.

By the way, the same Great Powers have agreed that henceforward the sinking of merchantmen by submarines shall be "an act of piracy." So in all future wars civilian passengers and cargoes are safe from torpedoes. We don't think!

The Bournemouth Murder.

We well remember the previous Bournemouth murder sensation in 1908, which has long ago passed into the category of undiscovered crimes. In that case a man named Maguire was arrested and tried, and we were in Court at Winchester when Mr. J. A. Hawke, then a rising Junior, made a wonderful speech for the defence. In the interval, there has been no improvement in our methods of crime detection, which leave the artful criminal every possible loophole of escape.

A Word of Warning.

A doctor friend tells us that the murderer of Miss Irene Wilkins was probably suffering from a well-known form of sexual paranoia, in which case it is likely that if still at large will attempt to repeat the crime with the

An Unemployment Hardship.

Isn't it rather ridiculous that a man who has been unemployed for twelve months, and consequently has not had a stamp affixed to his card for that period, automatically goes out of benefit? We should have thought it was just the kind of case which the Act was passed to assist.

Sir Arthur's Latest.

It was a pity that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, when visiting the Borstal Institution, did not use his well-known spiritualistic powers to get in touch with the departed soul of the poor lad Henry Buckingham, who committed suicide at Portland. We fear that "Sherlock Holmes" is losing his touch. The matter is fully dealt with on another page.

CLOSES THIS WEEK!

£2,500

FOR ONLY TEN.

Fill up the Free Football Coupon on page iii of Cover.

Our Modest Laureate.

A writer on the *Morning Post* commends the Poet Laureate, Dr. Robert Bridges, for "refusing to act as a poetical flunkey." It is a safe plan, as Dr. Bridges evidently realises, to write nothing at all.

Judicial Changes.

We hear of several impending changes on the Judicial Bench, but it is doubtful whether the Attorney-General, Sir Gordon Hewart, will take the Lord Chief Justiceship until the present Parliament is dissolved.

More Amateurs.

The British delegates to the Inter-Allied Financial Conference at Paris include not a single financier of repute. In the City, the whole thing is laughed at as a clumsy political manœuvre which has no hope of success.

Disqualified M.P.s.

One of the Sessional Orders, passed at the opening of every Parliament, says that "all Members who are returned for two or more places in any part of the United Kingdom do make their election for which of the places they shall serve, within one week after it shall appear that there is no question upon the return for that place." We are under the impression that several of the Irish M.P.s, although they had not yet taken their seats, this Order. Mr. de

Unmuzzled.

A tearful correspondent of the *New Statesman* laments that it is "impossible to muzzle JOHN BULL." We fear we can offer our lachrymose friend no better consolation than that for the future it will be the same, only more so.

Another Conference!

Victims of the housing shortage will rejoice to know that in the month of January, with the approval of the Government, a series of important conferences are to be held "to secure vigorous housing administration." Nothing like talk!

A Victorian Giant.

A lot of hard things have been said about the late Professor Huxley, and now that broad-minded journal, *The Inquirer*, tells us that he "knocked the moral heart out of two generations." But he knocked a lot of sense into their heads.

"Tommy and Jack."

Using Mr. Kipling's famous line, "Thank you, Mr. Atkins," and adding a special word for our old friend Jack, we are proposing, as from this issue, to devote greater space and attention to the manifold grievances of the ex-Service men. So pack up your troubles in an envelope and send them along to us.

A South African Mystery.

We should like to know a little more about the antecedents of Mr. Karl Spilhaus, who has just been appointed by the Union Government as Trades Commissioner for the Continent of Europe. Any connection, we wonder, with a gentleman of that name interned during the War? Will General Smuts explain?

"K." and the Critics.

We have it on the authority of Mr. Asquith that on the eve of his fatal departure for Russia, Lord Kitchener was "gay, alert, elastic, sanguine, the strangest contrast that can be conceived to the bewildered, buffeted, desiccated, senile figure of Lord Esher's imaginings." Now perhaps the noble lord will tell us what he meant by it.

Kitchener's Faith.

Apropos of the discussion on the late Lord Kitchener's religion, we are reminded of a story attributed to the great Lord Chesterfield. "What is your religion?" someone asked him. "The religion of all sensible men," was the reply. "And that is?" came the natural query. "No sensible man ever says," rejoined Lord Chesterfield. Unless mistaken, of "K." much th

The Overtime Scandal.

While over a million people in this country are still unemployed, very many of the lucky ones who have jobs are working overtime—and drawing the high extra pay for it, too. That's an iniquitously unfair practice, which could and should have been banned long ago by the Trade Unions. Now the unemployed themselves are trying to put an end to it. We strongly sympathise with their point of view.

***Sic Transit*—Boxing Day.**

The Union of Post Office Workers were perfectly right in their dignified decision that London postmen were not to ask for the time-honoured "Christmas Box" this year. Nevertheless, of all such demands on the depleted purses of harassed and overtaxed householders, those of our faithful and daily friends, the postman and the early matutinal milkman, were the least grudged. How Charles Dickens would have deplored the passing of "Boxing Day"!

Sentiment Costs Money.

In September, 1918, the monitor *Glatton* sank in Dover Harbour, with fifty officers and men aboard. Day by day the receding tide uncovers the wreck to the gaze of strollers on the sea-front. But neither the rotting hulk nor the sacred remains of the entombed heroes are to be moved, and must remain the sport of wind and tide, and at last the prey of ghoulish sea-birds. The Admiralty, with truly official sentiment, says that, a burial service having been held, nothing more can or will be done!

Police and Postal Officials.

If it be true, as has been stated, that the difficulties of the Bournemouth Police in the early stages of their investigations into Miss Wilkins' murder were increased by the attitude of the local postal officials, who refused absolutely to yield up the original telegrams without authority from the General Post Office, an immediate inquiry must be held. It is nothing short of a scandal that a dastardly murderer should be assisted to escape from justice by such slavish adherence to a red-tape regulation.

Dangerous Anachronism.

This terrible crime again emphasises the crass stupidity of the system which withholds from Scotland Yard the authority to act in such cases unless it is requested to do so by the local police authorities. In these days, when the criminal has so much in his favour, not a second should be lost in putting into motion every force at command to hunt down such wild beasts as the murderer of poor Irene Wilkins. In the name and for the protection of the public, we demand immediate reform in this respect.

"The Boosy Bee."

For some time there has been developing a craze for keeping "bees." These industrious "insects" are, however, members of the yeast family, and not of the honey variety, though it appears that the sting is there all the same. The Leicester Public Analyst deposes that the "wine" produced by this process of fermentation is three times stronger than beer! The Vicar of St. John's, West Ealing, proclaims that many teetotalers are drinking the concoction under the impression it is non-intoxicating. Evidently Pussyfooters know a good thing when they taste it. But it is not bad to give

Frightful Fish.

The sprat is exceedingly good for the human stomach. Unfortunately, it can't come to London because the railway companies won't let it. Bought at Inverness and Leith for 4s. a barrel of 200 lb.—½d. a pound—its railway fare to London is 14s.! Labour, carriage, and other charges increase the cost to 20s. a barrel. So the sprat comes not to town, and hungry bellies are not cheaply filled.

"Quite English, You Know."

Mr. James White deplored that the shortage of efficient English leading musical-comedy ladies was so acute that he had been compelled to engage a Hungarian to play the chief part in "The Lady of the Rose." We are, however, glad to see that when the play was produced in Manchester the part was entrusted to Miss Ivy Tresmand, who is all-English, and proud of it, too. Moreover, she not only delighted the audience but she satisfied the critics, and will continue in the *role* when the piece is removed to London. Which is all to the good.

A Superb New Year Number

The special New Year Number of the "Picturegoer" contains many splendid features, including a Constance Talmadge Calendar for 1922, measuring 15 in. by 9½ in. The whole issue is a triumph of artistic production. Make sure of your copy to-day.

THE PICTUREGOER

The Picturegoer's Magazine de Luxe.

64 PAGES. 4 COLOURS. ALL-PHOTOGRAVURE 1s.

A Losing Game.

A firm of typewriter specialists in Leicester despatched by post 172 circulars, on the bottom of which was printed, "This is a sample of our cheap white quarto bank at 2s. ream." "Heigho!" quoth the P.O.; "Samples!"—and held the lot up pending payment of excess postage, 14s. 4d. The firm are not paying it. They are going to desist from postal circularising in future, and adopt other means of selling their goods. So the poor (P.O.) dog gets none. And serve it right!

Queues and Queuists.

Re the question of theatre queues, which the London County Council wish to minimise, it is with a wily wink in his eye that the theatrical manager affirms, in effect, that people like queuing, either for the fun of the thing or the good of their health. What he actually means is that the longer the queue the greater the advertisement. He wants early doors only if he can put extra cash into his pocket. It is a very human method of business. Theatrical managers, like most other people, tell all the truth they can spare.

An Alarming Sequence.

Within a few days Coroners' inquests have been held on three women—Mrs. Baker, of Paddington; Mrs. Leventhal, of Shoreditch; Mrs. Harrison, of Putney; and one man, George Bennett, of Lee—all of whom died under anæsthetics after operations. These people were apparently of humble circumstances, and though there is natural hesitation to suspect their poverty gained them less careful treatment, this crop of similar deaths would suggest a tendency to operate in cases where obviously there must have been a certain amount of doubt as to whether the constitutions of the patients would stand the ordeal.

The "Sinful" Cinema.

Aldershot Hospital will lose a substantial addition to its funds, and the townsfolk and soldiers stationed in the district will miss an innocent form of "Sabbath recreation," through the acton of the Chadbands on the Town Council who, by a majority of one vote, have banned the renewal of licences for Sunday performances in the local cinemas. Haven't these people any commonsense or good feeling?

Distinction and Difference.

Two women were charged on the same day in two London Courts, Willesden and Mansion House, with the same offence—namely, travelling on the railway without paying the fare. The cases were similar in another respect—both the women had been ill. The one at Willesden was sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment. The one at the Mansion House was fined £3 and costs. The woman at Willesden was a servant. The woman at the Mansion House was a bank clerk. Do you see the difference?

"One Man's Meat——"

Some time ago the puritans of Southend rose in sanctimonious horror at the prospect of a race-course being established among its other amenities. Even the prospect of plenteous pence from punters weighed not with them. And now we have Norwich—a pious, placid cathedral town—actually agitating for the very thing that scandalised Southend-on-Sea. Norwich realises that a racing town stands to win both ways.

Idle Hands.

Of two arguments against employing boys as caddies—a "blind alley" occupation, and the evil of loafing around waiting for players—the latter is certainly the case with some hobbledehoys named Cook, Batley and Jarman. These idle young brutes found a hedghog on Garlinge links, knocked it about with sticks, and lit a fire under it. The Bench let them off on paying costs—being "willing to believe they had no idea of being cruel"! Their fathers should experiment on them with a strap.

Somebody Gets Hurt

For many months the price of butter has been high, and the public has paid it. Now it appears that, with the new season's supplies from Australia already here, the Government has still 24,000 tons of last year's deliveries! Thrown on the market suddenly, the public will get cheaper butter for a short time, but the Colonial farmers will lose heavily and stop supplying. A gradual release earlier would have ensured moderate prices and safe markets With the profiteers in power, somebody won. Now, everybody loses!

A Very Human Being.

Once again, at the Lambeth Police Court, where Mr. Rooth sits in judgment, we find "the touch of nature which makes the whole world kin." A young man was taken in charge for drunkenness, and his *fiancée* sought to prevent his arrest. She was charged with obstruction. The Magistrate opined that her heart was strained to breaking-point when she saw her lover taken away, for they were to be married in a week. "We are all human beings in this world," he said; "even those who sit on the Bench." He bound them over. We make

profiteering in your dist

Tardy Telegrams.

A boy telegraph-messenger protests that, under the revised system of delivering wires, he—at everybody's beck and call for any old job in the post-offices—is despatched with messages practically without rest between deliveries; "yet messages are wilfully delayed." Let there be light!

Hull's Hero.

In common with Josh Billings, we prefer some dogs to some men; Jack of Hull is one of the dogs. On three occasions Jack has saved children from drowning. As a good dog usually owns a good master, in this case both are well honoured. Jack has been decorated with the medal of the Canine Defence League, while his master is to have the certificate of Our Dumb Friends' League. May they continue to love one another till death them do part.

Coyle, the Coward.

James Coyle had a disagreement with Randolf Maclean, a one-legged man. They fought with fists, and, as was to be expected, the sound man conquered the cripple. Then a girl in the crowd handed Coyle a razor, on which the ruffian ran back to Maclean and slashed his face as he lay helpless upon the ground. The Judge at Glasgow described it as a "most cowardly assault," and sentenced Coyle to ten months' imprisonment. He earned every second.

Sheeps' Heads at Hull.

Because a customer dropped in and purchased a sheep's head a few minutes after hours, Mr. J. C. Whitford, a Hull butcher, was summoned for contravening the Shop Hours Act. Observing that he had been shabbily-treated by the inspector, the butcher—who is noted for his generosity to the poor—celebrated the event by contributing £10 to the Christmas Cheer Fund—a spontaneous act of generosity which was duly appreciated. We advise "Nosey Parker" to give that butcher's shop a wide berth in future. He might lose his head.

Another Boche Booby Trap?

What might have been a disastrous fire at Central Hall, Skegness, was caused by some "anti-poison" which, sold by the military authorities as surplus stores, proved to be a highly inflammable composition, subject to spontaneous combustion. If much of this mysterious and dangerous stuff has been in use a good many of the disastrous and hitherto unaccountable fires that occurred in Government stores during the war may be explained. Most searching investigation should be made into its *origin*, as well as its composition. Is another "Boche booby trap"?

Sunday Persecution.

May we suggest that the Weymouth Police take up religion as a hobby? If they spent more time in church, they would have less for their present hobby of persecuting harmless citizens. Three more restaurant-keepers have been fined for Sunday trading, on the evidence of Paul Pry policemen who saw girls coming out with chocolates. One of them asks us if it is true that persons who make purchases on Sundays are liable to be fined as well for aiding and abetting. We should say anything is possible with such a senseless system. The only thing one is permitted to do now on Sundays is to stay in bed.

Dear Beer.

While the price of beer is still far too high, and the quality far too low, the brewers seem to be doing very well, thank you! Ind Coope's recently declared a final dividend and bonus, which bring the shareholders' little lot for the year up to 45 per cent. Evidently the present heavy taxation isn't the sole cause of dear beer.

An "Absent-minded Beggar."

The driver of a certain North Devon Railway engine must have the ambition of becoming a pantomime star. His locomotive having been uncoupled to drop a truck, the driver absent-mindedly started off for the next station—leaving the rest of the train, loaded with passengers, behind him. We await with interest the news that he has been promoted for originality—or the railway fined for giving a show without collecting the entertainment tax.

The Hand from the Grave.

The good folks of Chiswick are hopeful of a suggestion made many times in this journal—to tax empty "For Sale" houses as if occupied, and are urging such an Act. But it is claimed that many houses are offered "for sale only" because of restrictive clauses in the ground leases, or are held in trust and must be sold by instructions of the dead testators. All this may be true, but the living need houses—and at the risk of some trifling possible loss in order that benefits may accrue, these prohibitions by the dead must be cancelled by Act of Parliament.

"WHAT IS BEER?"

This is a "Query" from the new Competition now running in "The Passing Show" and "London Mail."

? OVER £100 IN PRIZES WEEKLY ?

for apt answers. Free Coupons and full particulars in this week's

PASSING SHOW & LONDON MAIL

BOTH ON SALE EVERYWHERE - - - - - 2d.

Brotherly Brothers.

Ratepayers of Dore, in Herefordshire, will, peradventure, be thankful for a most unusual example set to rate-paid and tax-paid officials by the Rev. C. T. Brothers, Rector of Bacton, who, at his own request, has had his salary as Chaplain of Dore Workhouse reduced from £45 to £40 a year. It was not what anybody can call a bloated reward originally, and though the sacrifice of £5 may not be quite equivalent to a penny rate, it is the sacrifice of a willing heart, "passing rich on £40 a year." Not, of course, that £40 a year is the whole of the Rector's income. Even a parson must eat if he would live!

Work for Wives.

The aloofness of some people from the practical affairs of life is appalling. A workless man was sued in Edmonton County Court for arrears of rent. "When I was a young man at Liverpool," said Judge Crawford, "there were no out-of-work doles, and if a man could not get work his wife did. Your wife ought to go out to work, and you ought to stay at home and mind the children." Perhaps Judge Crawford will now tell us how he would deal with a breast-fed baby. And if a man is house-tied, how is he to get out to look for a job? The way some of these big-wigs presume to dictate to their fellows merely because they chance to be poor, is a scandal.

Bar Bull-Fighting.

Many will hear with mixed feelings that real Spanish bull-fights are to be a feature of the Cannes season. The only thing is for Britishers and Americans staying on the Riviera to follow the R.S.P.C.A. Secretary's advice, and boycott such shows. Even going to Rome does not excuse doing as Rome does, when gross cruelty is being exploited in the name of entertainment.

The Very Latest.

When, if ever, will the fanatics in America cry a halt? Dr. Day, the Director of Prohibition Enforcement, has announced that steps are to be taken to prevent the use of fermented wine for sacramental purposes. The parsons declare that the law of the Church demands such wine, and that any attempt to prohibit it will lead to a religious war. We are backing the parsons. Though, after all, many of them are only being hoist with their own petard.

A Friend in Blue.

Eric Christensen, a foreign seaman, pleaded guilty at Bow Street to being drunk and incapable. When arrested near Leicester Square he had about £200 upon him. The police stated that he was in such evil company at the time that if they had not taken charge of him he would inevitably have lost it all. It mightn't have been a bad idea to have scooped up the company as well while they were about it. Anyway, the sailor should make a handsome donation to the Police Orphanage.

An Airy Ministry.

This is an appropriate time to take the Air Ministry to task concerning the fine resolutions that were passed by the Conference in October, 1920—dealing with the opening-up of air mail routes, the development of civil aviation, and vital research work at the National Physical Laboratory. In each instance, however, nothing has been done, or a contrary policy has been pursued. These resolutions must not be allowed to expire under the cool indifference of musty officialdom.

Potted Poisons.

Manufacturers of potted meats ought to sit up and take notice of the Medical Officer of Health of Clitheroe. Recently more than a hundred people in the district were affected with ptomaine poisoning. The outbreak, declares the Medical Officer, was probably due to the meat being infected by flies or germ-laden dust, and "an elementary working knowledge of bacteriology would appear to be necessary in the public catering profession." A public caterer should take care that his mind triumphs over matter.

In a Quandary.

In July, 1920, an arbitration award fixed the wages for a week of 48 hours of the working staffs of hospitals at £3 and food. Lately certain London institutions, famished for funds, decided to revise the scale and conditions. On which the National Federation of General Workers advised all members of its affiliated unions to withdraw their support. As last year over £800,000 was subscribed by trade unionists to the hospitals, the position is serious. Yet these institutions cannot carry on at a loss. The financial difficulties of our hospitals are a reproach to the State.

A SCANDAL OF THE FOOTLIGHTS:

GROSS THEATRICAL ABUSES THAT CALL FOR PROMPT AND DRASTIC REMEDIES.

THE stage is an honourable profession, numbering among its adherents a majority of men and women of noble character, high principle, and deep human sympathy. But it is a profession cursed, more than any other, by a crowd of harpies and hangers-on who batten on the misfortunes of the most defenceless of its members, and care not a scrap if they destroy bodies and souls for the sake of a few pieces of silver. The following case is typical of scores, if not hundreds, that occur during the course of a year. At the end of November a Mr. W. Greening, of 45, Mora Road, Cricklewood, answered an advertisement in the *Era* for a cornet player. A week later he received a reply from the Palace, Radcliffe, written on paper which bore a florid announcement that the Eastern Productions Co. present "Maid of the Orient," a Brilliant Musical Play in 2 Acts—5 Scenes—Company of 30 Artistes, including, among other things, "Egyptian Trumpeters, Slaves, Eunuchs, etc." The whole announcement occupied one-half of the quarto sheet, and beneath it was the legend, "All communications to Norman Ford, General Manager." The letter was as follows:—

This Week—Palace, Radcliffe.
Next Week—Palace, Rawtenstall.

6.12.1921.

DEAR SIR,—Reference to your letter to 57, Rectory Road, for cornet, will you be at liberty to join the above show on Monday next; if so, kindly wire me to that effect, and I will wire you confirmation. Terms: £4 per week, as per your letter.—Yours truly, E. P. Co.
H. G. Ford.

Mr. Greening wired an affirmative, and received the following reply:—

7.12.1921.

DEAR SIR,—Reference to your wire, will you kindly rehearse at Palace, Rawtenstall, on Monday next, Dec. 12th, at 10.30 a.m. Contract on arrival.—Yours truly, E. P. Co.
H. G. Ford.

Terms: £4 as per your letter.

Mr. Greening accordingly travelled to Rawtenstall, paying 29s. 2d. for his fare. On arrival he met another artiste who had been called in similar circumstances, but there was no sign of Mr. Ford. After hanging about for a while, they went to secure lodgings, and returned in the evening for instructions. They then met Ford, and were told to sit in the circle and watch the performance. Apparently they were to appear as Egyptian trumpeters, and the following day Ford stated he wished them to rehearse that week, and would pay them fares and half salary, as things were looking pretty black.

FORD FLITS!

They rehearsed for the remainder of the week, but received no payment of fare or half-salary on the Saturday. Instead, they discovered the character of Ford. This precious rogue flitted from Rawtenstall on the Friday and has not been seen since! He left a note at the stage door saying he had been called away, but would be back to pay "treasury" at noon on Saturday, and that the Train Call was for Sunday at 9.15 for Woolwich. The company of thirty artistes, twenty of whom were women, began to realise something was wrong, especially as many of them had received only part payment the previous week. Their fears were realised when the elusive Mr. Ford failed to put in an appearance on the Saturday, and they promptly and properly refused to perform. The Manager of the theatre, a Mr. Nicholls, then came on the scene and said he could do nothing but send for the Head Manager at Radcliffe, a Mr. Tom Rushton. At the end of the evening performance, Mr. Nicholls apologised for Mr. Rushton's non-arrival, and said he was making an effort to get to the theatre as quickly as possible. After the artistes had been hanging about indefinitely, he made another appearance, said they must look to Ford for their money, and told them they must get out of the theatre as he wanted to lock up! They refused in a body to go, and the police were called in. The latter expressed sympathy, but regretted their inability to do anything beyong maintaining order. At one o'clock in the morning Mr. Rushton arrived, and after a somewhat riotous scene, compounded of storming and blustering on Mr. Rushton's part and remonstrance on that of the company, an interview took place between Rushton and a Mr. Crawford, the travelling Musical Director, acting as representative of the artistes. The outcome of this was that Rushton eventually addressed the company, and informed them that Ford's share of the week's takings amounted to £36, of which he had already received £4. Then apprising them of the fact that Ford owed him £70, for which he proposed to detain the scenery and other effects, he said the best he could do was to give each member of the company 12s. 6d., which he considered a concession—and if they were not satisfied with that they could clear out! A number of them received this sum, but not all, several, when it came to their turn, being told the money was exhausted. So this company of thirty artistes was turned into the streets at 2.30 a.m., some with 12s. 6d., some without a penny, to do the best they could. Consequently landladies were not paid. Those members of the company who could were compelled to borrow money to get home, while to several of the girls only the worst alternative remained. Mr. Greening managed to reach Manchester, where he sought the advice of the police, through whose agency his wife was made acquainted with his plight, and borrowed money to enable him to return home. Now, who is "Norman Ford," and who is "H. G. Ford," and where are they? There is more than one father and brother who would like to know. They are among scores of these elusive scoundrels (we have a list of over fifty of them) who flit about the country, under different aliases, leaving behind them a trail of poverty, distress, and besmirched virtue horrible to contemplate.

A LONG-STANDING SCANDAL.

How many times have the harassed landladies at Radcliffe and Rawtenstall been bilked and robbed by other companies which have also faded away into the night without paying their bills? We shall gladly welcome the fullest possible information from them on this matter, as we intend to pursue the whole question very closely. The professional organisations, the Association of Touring Managers and the Actors' Association, are doing their best to rid the earth of them, but they are largely helpless in the present state of the law. Let public opinion only assert itself and bring pressure to bear on the authorities, and means should quickly be found to put an end to one of the greatest scandals of the present time.

CHEATED OF HER CHILD.

MOTHER BEREAVED BY A LEGAL QUIBBLE.

One of the most cruel anomalies of English Law is that which makes a father the sole legal custodian of his children, although the mother, by all laws natural and divine, is by universal consent the rightful guardian. A case heard recently at Willesden has again turned our thoughts to the subject. A woman complained to the Magistrate that her husband had "stolen" her child and hidden it. She received cold comfort, being informed that the father was the legal custodian of the infant. As she left the Court she declared that she would get the child in another way. A few days later the father was charged at the same Court with stealing, and was sentenced to three months' imprisonment. It was falsely alleged that the mother, determined to obtain possession of the youngster, had adopted the rôle of informer against her own husband. Even had this baseless suggestion been supported by evidence—which, in point of fact, it was not—we could not have found it in our heart to blame her. The step was fruitless. Although the husband is "doing time," she is still denied the comfort of the possession of her own child. The law must be amended.

A FILTHY PEST.

AN INDIAN'S OUTRAGES ON WHITE WOMEN.

The danger to women of allowing themselves to be treated by quacks, especially of Eastern origin who dabble in hypnotism and the occult, is well exemplified by the five days' trial at Pretoria, of an Indian named Ali Ahmed Essa. Two married women who went to consult this charlatan were accompanied by Miss Anna Jacoba Jacobs, and after the others had been attended to, the Indian told Miss Jacobs that she was suffering from appendicitis. Working upon her fears, he persuaded her to consent to his treatment. He took her into a room with a bed, and made an "examination" of an intimate nature. In due course a child of mixed blood was born. In the case of a widow, Mrs. Anne Christine Mary Roux, who went to consult Essa because she was troubled with a weak heart, practically the same performance was gone through. Mrs. Roux gave birth to twins, which were also certified of mixed blood. The Judge sentenced the beast to ten years' imprisonment, and told him it would have been more but for the fact that the women themselves were largely to blame. Unfortunately, it is not only in Africa and India that these filthy pests abound.

HEARST AND HARDING.

ANTI-BRITISH PROPAGANDIST SEES THE PRESIDENT.

We do not, of course, affirm that circulation is a matter of no moment to the proprietors and editors of English newspapers, but we do claim with confidence that no reputable British journal would descend to the sensational clap-trap which is published in some of America's most prominent news-sheets. Mr. William Randolph Hearst, the millionaire newspaper proprietor, is the chief of sinners in this respect, and his pet aversion is Great Britain and everything British. It is an open secret that President Harding is much concerned at the attitude of Hearst, whose organs are widely read and quoted, especially by the semi-foreign element in the land, much of which is anti-British. Doubly mischievous is such real propaganda at the moment, while the fate of the Washington Conference is in the balance—on the success of which the President has staked much. Hence we need feel no surprise that Mr. Hearst and his wife were entertained to luncheon last week at the White House. Whether Mr. Harding will succeed in persuading the millionaire to abandon his campaign of abuse is a moot point. For with William Randolph Hearst it is purely a matter of circulation—bluntly, of money!

THE SLATE CLUB SCANDAL.

NEED OF SAFEGUARDS FOR POOR FOLKS' SAVINGS.

The end of the year has brought forward even more prominently than usual the Slate Club scandals. It is less in the larger associations than in the smaller that the annual crop of defaulting and absconding Treasurers shows itself—a fact the more to be deplored by reason of their membership in the main consisting of the very poor, among whom the loss of their savings is most keenly felt. Moreover, if the Treasurer of an enormous Club, paying out, say, twenty thousand pounds annually were to make defalcation and abscond, the matter would receive considerable publicity and strike the popular imagination, and most probably a relief fund would be organised. In the smaller Clubs, the operations of many of which are confined to a few mean streets in a poor neighbourhood, the matter attracts only a very localised interest. It would, however, be unwise, in our view, to abolish these small Slate Clubs.

THRIFT IN THORNY PLACES.

They represent a praiseworthy effort in the direction of thrift on the part of a class of people who would most likely not save at all but for the opportunities which they provide. Many of them are confined to the regular frequenters of a public-house, who, when they gather for their evening refreshment on pay-day, cheerfully hand over a trifle for the Club as they settle for their liquor, and do not appear to miss it in the way they would in contributing to a recognised Benefit Society. Moreover, they take a keener and more personal interest in their own little concern than they would in a greater association. Abolition being undesirable, it remains to be seen what measures can be devised to safeguard the savings of these people. Several suggestions have been made in the Courts recently by Coroners and Magistrates, none of which, however, seems entirely to meet the case. The Chairman of the Magistrates at Brentford urged that all such Clubs should be registered with the police. We do do not see what good that would do. The Treasurer knows already that he is liable to punishment if he defaults. One man shot himself, although the amount of his deficiency had been made up by his relatives. In this case the Coroner said that his opinion was that all Loan and Dividend Clubs should have Trustees, and that safeguard should be enforced by law.

PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY.

The suggestion has a good deal to recommend it, in view of the fact that in many instances the only security Club members have is their personal confidence in a single individual. How often this may be misplaced is shown by the fact that a recent defaulter, who appears to have been President, Secretary, Treasurer and Committee rolled into one, had acted honestly for nineteen years before absconding in the twentieth. The compulsory appointment of Trustees would certainly lessen the risk of defalcation—since, if such a scheme were properly worked, deficiency could only be partial, or if total brought about by forgery, collusion or conspiracy. But seeing that personality enters so largely into the spirit of these affairs and is so difficult to eliminate, such an enactment might have the effect of killing many small Clubs. Since it may be considered unwise to destroy any incentive to thrift, even if based on confidence in frail human nature, prone to temptation, why should not the Treasurer of a "one-man" Club be compelled to take out a fidelity bond, paying the premium himself at the commencement of the year and having it returned to him out of the funds at the time of the share-out? We think the idea would prove feasible.

STONES AND STONY HEARTS.

HARSH TREATMENT OF DESERVING UNEMPLOYED.

The Abergavenny Board of Guardians are on the right track when they engage the local unemployed on road making and repairing, this work being of public utility and necessity. Many similar bodies, however, are guilty of the uneconomic method of merely "making work." Having said this we fear the Abergavenny authorities cease to merit praise. Men must have productive work as against mere "charity," and the Abergavenny method is commendable—if the men got reasonably just treatment. But we hear of exceedingly harsh demands being made of these unfortunates. Four men employed at the Cattle Market were given eight tons each of very hard stone to break, for which they were to receive the magnificent pay of 28s.! Only one man had managed by superhuman efforts to pulverise his quantity, and it had taken him a fortnight. Another, for 27 hours of this laborious toil had received 7s. Other cases included £1 2s. 8d. for 37½ hours, and 15s. 6d. for 41 hours' work. One poor fellow's face was festering badly from the cuts and scratches received through sharp fragments of the hard substance, as the work was being done without any protection whatever. To which one tender-hearted "Guardian" retorted that "You can't avoid accidents"! Yet a further hard lot was disclosed—a man having earned 28s., but the work had so injured his only pair of boots that out of the meagre wage he had had to expend 24s. on another pair. One would imagine that, apart from any "socialistic idealism," there was just cause for the unhappy unemployed to complain of unduly harsh and ungenerous treatment. However, Mr. J. Pritchard, another "Guardian," must needs snarl a request to "Stop that raving" when these details were being presented. The decision of these tender-hearted Guardians is, that the work is "not inhuman"—but goggles will be provided. And now all should be "Merry and Bright"!

PETITIONING THE KING.

THOUSANDS OF PERSONS SIGN WAKEFORD APPEAL.

Applications for copies of the Petition to the King for the re-hearing of the Wakeford case are still reaching us from all parts of the country. We are exceedingly grateful for this help, and shall heartily welcome further offers of assistance. The following is a complete list of the addresses at which the Petition can be signed:—

BIRKENHEAD: Messrs. Scadding Brothers.
BIRMINGHAM: Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, 19, Corporation Street.
BOLTON: Mr. J. Brooks, 17, Halliwell Road.
BRISTOL: Bristol Advertising Co., 1, Broad Quay.
CARDIFF: Mr. J. A. Brown, 207, Bute Street.
DUBLIN: Messrs. MacArthur & Co., 79, Talbot St.
LONDON: The JOHN BULL Pen Depots at 19, Ludgate Hill, E.C. 4; 265, Strand, W.C.2; 323, High Holborn, W.C.1; 72, New Oxford Street, W.C.1; 1, Cannon Street Station Approach, E.C.; 87, Long Acre, W.C.2.
JOHN BULL Editorial Offices (first floor), 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.
PORTSMOUTH: JOHN BULL Pen Depot, 214, Commercial Road.

Forms of Petition can be obtained from the Chief Commissioner, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, who will (on receipt of one shilling) also be pleased to supply a copy of the striking book: "The Mystery of the Wakeford Case," which has been written by the Editor of JOHN BULL. It may be added that this volume is already in great demand, but orders by post are dealt with in strict rotation—and all will be supplied.

THE HOLY VICAR OF HAMPTON.

BOLSTERS UP HIS BIGOTRY BY DEFYING HIS BISHOP.

In a recent issue, under the heading "A Parson's Shameful Conduct," we gave wider publicity than would otherwise have been possible to a poignant tragedy and its sequel. Our remarks were directed, much more in sorrow than in anger, against the Rev. D. Fitz-Maurice, Vicar of Hampton, near Evesham, Worcestershire, whose refusal to allow the body of Mary Enstone, the daughter of one of his Church officials, to be taken into the sacred edifice, had not only given the greatest sorrow to the mourning relatives, whose burden of grief was already almost harder than they could bear, but had roused a storm of indignant protest from Churchgoers throughout the district. The girl's tragedy was a simple but affecting one.

"MUCH SHALL BE FORGIVEN."

She had loved much, and she died of a broken heart. She had been jilted by a young man for whom she had conceived so great an affection that she told her father she could never love anyone else. Driven mad by the failure of her tearful pleadings for reconciliation, she flung herself into the river. The pitiful story was told at the inquest, when the jury returned a verdict of "Suicide whilst temporarily insane." As a result of the wide publicity given to the circumstances in these columns, letters have poured in upon us from all parts of the kingdom, expressing deep sympathy with the bereaved and indignation at the Vicar's bigoted attitude, without a single dissentient note. In the parish of Hampton, the matter caused a great sensation. An extraordinary meeting of the Parochial Church Council was called to consider the position, and the Vicar was asked to make a statement. In the light of the attitude he now maintains, we can only say that if to be bigoted is to be holy, then the Vicar is very holy; if to be very bigoted is to be very holy, then the Vicar is resplendently holy! He stated, according to the local newspaper, that the rubric forbade the normal service being used in the case of the funeral of persons who had laid violent hands on themselves, and that he had adopted the form of service authorised by Bishop Gore for cases of the kind under consideration. But—and it is a very big but—he also read a letter from the Bishop of Worcester, in which he stated that he could not accept Bishop Gore's ruling, and deploring the fact that he was not consulted in the matter.

PRAYER WITHOUT WORKS.

Now Mr. Enstone stated that he undertook to bear any expense in order that the Bishop might be consulted, and his ruling obtained. Why did not the Vicar do this? Instead, he "prayed in the Church for a day and a half," and announced his decision only when it was too late for it to be altered. At this meeting very strong feeling was expressed against the Vicar, whose action was characterised as "amounting practically to gross cruelty." Interviewed subsequently, Mr. Enstone, who has resigned his office in the Church, stated that the facts as recorded in JOHN BULL were perfectly correct. Similarly interviewed, the Vicar denounced the article as "very violent." We may safely leave it to our readers to decide which view is right. The reverend gentleman commences by whittling down the verdict to "an unsettled state of mind," and goes on to say that he fears there was very little doubt whatever that the act was deliberate, nor was there any previous evidence of insanity—finally contending that the girl was not insane at the time of her death! We decline to believe that the lowly, loving Nazarene can have been the helper of the Vicar in his action in this matter, which has caused so much unnecessary pain and suffering, and brought into disrepute the Church whose servant he is.

"SHERLOCK HOLMES" CAUGHT NAPPING.

LAME OFFICIAL REJOINDER TO OUR CHARGES OF CRUELTY AT BORSTAL INSTITUTIONS.

SINCE JOHN BULL first let daylight into the Borstal Hell at Portland, things have happened. The national conscience has been stirred. The misery and degradation of the wretched boys, whose lot we exposed, has led to strong and widespread protest in organs of the Press not usually addicted to outspoken criticism. Even the Home Secretary has been forced to concede the investigation so long complacently refused. True, the Inquiry proved a farce. But upon one fact at least we may congratulate all concerned. Suicide—and so far as we know, attempted suicide—on the part of the Borstal boys at Portland has ceased since our exposure—and that, as one of our readers says, is something to commence the New Year with!

A FORCING GROUND FOR CRIMINALS.

The system worked fairly well up till August, 1921, when the old convict prison at Portland was turned lock, stock and barrel into a Borstal Institution, the warders, jailers and prison officers remaining unchanged. Following this purblind attempt to put new wine into old bottles, assaults on warders, attempted suicides, desperate escapes and at least one shocking death have made Borstal a byword. Who wonders? Portland—with all its tradition of ferocious criminals, its atmosphere of iron repression—was the last place to secure lasting results on high-spirited youths led away by sudden temptation. We fear that the new Borstal Institutes, with Portland as their type, will rival those tragic failures the Inebriates Homes, and become, not curative agencies, but forcing grounds for criminals. What disturbs us is the manner in which the authorities are attempting to fool the public in this matter. Take the recent spectacular visit of the Home Secretary to Portland—to find out the facts for himself! It might have succeeded in "spoofing" the unwary but for our exposure of its hollowness, for, as we pointed out, while Mr. Shortt did certainly dine with the Governor of Portland, it was Mr. Waller, a *Prison* Commissioner, who cross-questioned the boys themselves.

"WHITEWASH!"

We may now add that, not long before the great man arrived, the darkened cells of the prison were specially whitewashed for the occasion! But that, and Mr. Shortt's own whitewash, were wasted. His "report" failed utterly to remove public anxiety as to the treatment of the Borstal boys—and now, as a result, he has been driven to call to his aid that eminent spiritualist Sir A. Conan Doyle, who fills a whole column of the *Daily Telegraph* with an almost nauseating eulogy of the system that has driven boys to sadness, madness and despair, to suicide and to the lunatic asylum. Sir Arthur once possessed, as "Sherlock Holmes," a reputation for acumen, and this, no doubt, led the Home Secretary to the desperate experiment of retaining him for the defence! But Mr. Shortt ought to have known that all such reputation left poor Sherlock when he got lost in the occult mists; and fulminated ludicrous yarns about the hereafter, including one touching an "astral" night-shirt! Poor Sir Arthur, it is only too gravely to be feared, has been the dupe of innumerable mediumistic frauds, and, in his defence of Borstal, he exposes himself as the victim of the official hypnotisers, who have "led him round the garden" with a dexterity that must have made the mediums green with envy. The picture is deftly painted. He depicts the Governor, tall, kindly, handsome. The boys—happy, radiant creatures—are never flogged, and hardly ever punished. "Yes, if a lad were very troublesome his jam might be stopped at tea." Otherwise, the penal cells—but rarely resorted to—and special tasks were the only punishments. As for suicide, let me quote his own "inspired" words:—

> But what about suicide? In the various Borstal institutes there are some 1,500 people, many of them on the borderland which separates crime from mental weakness. Common sense suggested that with all the supervision in the world it would be impossible to guard against any possible scandal. But had there not been a number of threatened suicides? One of the lads was actually there and described the situation to Colonel Fleming with some humour. The young rascals had discovered this method of taking a rise out of the warders. "Nothing," said he, "puts the wind up an officer like saying you'll do yourself in." He chuckled much over the idea. His comrade at Portland may have really meant business, but it is a fact that he only kicked over the stool when he heard the warder's key in the door, and that he would have been easily cut down had the man not been detained in the passage. It may have been *bona fide* or it may not, but certainly the others were an ingenious conspiracy to annoy. Remember that you are not dealing with a board school, but with some of the most clever and unscrupulous young rascals in the country.

A PLAIN TALE.

"Now see how plain a tale will put him down." Turn from the surmises and conjectures of Sir Arthur, with his easy scorn of the boys and his idolatry of the officials, and read the cold report of the inquest on their victim—the suicide of Portland whom Sir Arthur thinks "might have meant business." The evidence shows that H. E. Buckingham, seventeen years of age, was sentenced to nine days' No. 1 close confinement, and 21 days' No. 2. "He does three days on bread and water, and then three days' ordinary diet," said the Governor. Buckingham was described, *not* as being a "most clever and unscrupulous rascal," but as "dull and morose," though mentally normal, and, according to one of the officers, civil and well-spoken, and, poor lad, without "cheek or insolence." On the tenth day of his inhuman punishment, he ended his life by taking the rope from the mail-bag on which he had been working, and hanged himself from a window that stood over six feet above his cell, kicking away the stool on which he had stood for the purpose. "A very deliberate thing," remarked the Coroner. "Evidently, sir," replied the foreman! Really, what becomes of Sir Arthur's pretty picture after that? Its bright fantastic hues fade, like "the insubstantial fabric of a vision" once we have witnessed in our mind's eye the dreadful end of this poor lad, taking his life deliberately whilst on its very threshold. True, the lad's offence included the dreadful crime of "talking after being cautioned"! Sir Arthur's article is an attempt to throw dust in the eyes of the public, to lull them into the false belief that our responsibilities to these unhappy youths are being fully discharged. It will not do. His visit was to the original Borstal Institution, near Rochester, and it is from Portland that most of the horrors come.

A SIGNIFICANT OUTBREAK.

The evidence that things have not improved at Portland is overwhelming. Even after Mr. Shortt paid his memorable visit, we are informed that 41 lads became so desperate at the misery of their lot that they mutinied and compelled the officials to draw their batons on them. No punishment, we are told, was awarded for this outbreak caused by the deliberate brutality of the warders. In one instance a youth was rendered almost unconscious by a brute of a convict officer, who thrashed him unmercifully. In other cases, the boys are slashed with a wet towel rolled into a kind of rope. Some of the lads have been driven to attempt suicide with an ordinary prison tin knife, while others have tried to hang themselves with towels or handkerchiefs. In some cases, they appear to have been deranged by the treatment they received, for several lads were subsequently removed to another institution on the ground that they were mentally deficient! It will be remembered that a similar result followed in the case of some of the girl victims at Borstal, who were first manacled at Aylesbury Prison, and then, in some cases, described as Mental Deficients. This is a truly splendid achievement for an institution that was not to punish, but to cure, juvenile offenders. It cures some of them by converting them into idiots! When this much vaunted system was first described to us, it was loudly asserted that the boys would be taught useful trades. But the trade that many of them practise at Portland is to work under heart-breaking conditions in the bleak stone quarries under a wind that cuts their starved frames like a knife. We say starved advisedly, because the boys so employed are allowed less food than the ordinary Borstal lads, since they have committed the heinous offence of failing to report when on licence.

PORTLAND MUST GO!

One of the many boys who have given us the tragic stories of their experiences at Portland condemns the wretched system in words which fling a mantle of everlasting shame upon the callous officials who condone the crying scandals. We saw this boy, and our heart was warmed to see the joy in his eyes as he said, "Thank you for all you have done for me; I shall never forget it, *and neither will God!*" Poor lad! Penniless and alone, with no parents to aid him and no character, he went to the Buckingham Gate office and was given £2 in four instalments, and then told to go to the workhouse. What humanity! And this is the system which was devised to rescue juvenile offenders from crime! Once Portland consumed the lives of men. Now it tortures the spirits of young boys. The demand for its abolition should resound throughout the land. Portland and its Borstal Hell must go!

YOU'VE got a grievance, haven't you? "Write to JOHN BULL about it!"

SAINTS AND SINNERS: By THE CANDID FRIEND.

PEN PORTRAITS OF PROMINENT PEOPLE.

LORD CARSON.

THIS week we will concentrate our attention upon the sincerest and most impossible man in public life. I refer to Lord Carson, Lord of Appeal and ex-Leader of the Irish Unionist Party.

Now sincerity as a virtue can be a very good servant to the human race, but if it should be centred with fanatical zeal upon a personal obsession, it becomes an enemy to the peace and good will of mankind. This is the case of Lord Carson, whom I can only regard as a medieval anachronism who has by some mischance of destiny strayed out of his time.

Lord Carson, his extreme Ulster adherents and the mad gunmen of the Irish South will never learn their lesson. They belong to the bad past. They are people born out of time, and it is for all sane men to see that they do not endanger the peace and prosperity of the British Empire and the world in general.

I first saw Lord Carson—who was then Mr. Edward Carson—when he came to the English Bar. Tall, thin, lank, dark-haired and heavy-browed, with gleaming eyes and the jaws of a prize-fighter, he came to us with a wonderful reputation which his uncompromising and violent genius had won for him at the Irish Bar.

He came to England and smashed his way through to success. I remember him in one of his first cases when he rose to cross-examine a witness for the other side. "Do you drink?" asked Mr. Carson, in a rich Irish brogue. "That's my business," replied the witness indignantly. "Any other business?" enquired Mr. Carson with a sneer. It was a knockout blow so far as that witness was concerned; the knockout blow of a prize-fighter.

The solicitors who rushed to shower briefs upon Mr. Carson in those days came to a very strong conclusion as to his exceptional type of genius. He was a man who had the gift of hypnotising himself. He believed that all his causes were just and all his opponents scoundrels.

And then he strode into politics and became the greatest of all the Orange Leaders. Some years before the war I was sent by certain newspapers to investigate the alarming rumours which were then current about the prophesied rebellion of Ulster against a most moderate Home Rule Bill.

I was told that I should find nothing out unless I had a personal introduction from Sir Edward Carson. I saw Sir Edward. He satisfied himself as to my *bona fides* and gave me a most generous introduction which carried me anywhere and everywhere in the Orange State.

I shall never forget his saturnine smile as he bade me good-bye. "Tell the truth—whatever you find; tell the whole truth," he snapped out through his iron jaws, with a smile that was like a steely light flickering over a mask of grey grimness.

I was once dragged out of the coffee-room of a Belfast hotel by a party of horrified Carsonite friends because the place was at times frequented by Papists! Can anyone imagine such a thing happening in the twentieth century?

Meanwhile I saw the stacks of rifles and the dumps of ammunition. I saw the little parks and I watched bands of sturdy Ulstermen drilling on the hillsides. And all the while Sir Edward Carson was lashing his supporters into a fury of zeal and even prating at times about a certain Protestant Prince in Europe who would never see Ulster conquered.

The Protestant Prince in question happened to be that contemptible hangdog wretch, the ex-Kaiser! Sincerity carried to mad extremes will certainly bring us in contact with strange bedfellows!

Those were days in which the Empire was at grips with many sad and serious modern social problems. And what was all this absurd Irish bother about in which I found myself embroiled? It was all concerned with things which were dead centuries ago.

I found myself removed from the realities of modern politics and everyday life. The names that most commonly met my ear were those of the Battle of the Boyne, William III., Cromwell, James II.—and Carson! They were all anachronisms.

They were all part and parcel of ancient religious and tribal feuds which should have been wiped out by centuries of time.

Let us pray that, all the same, men and women of Great Britain and the Irish Free State will see to it that ghosts of the past are not to-day allowed to disturb a peaceful and prosperous future for the Irish and the British people.

We must put Carsonism, Orangism, Fenianism and all the other horrible "isms" of the bad old days into the dusty ante-room of forgotten things, and we must lock the door upon these futile feuds and throw the key into the middle of the Irish Channel.

And yet how can any student of human nature help being sorry for this remarkable man in his old age who has lived and suffered with simple sincerity for dead ideals?

I say simple sincerity because I could not help being touched by the pathetic simplicity of that terrible last speech he made in the House of Lords, arraigning his old political associates for their lack of faith.

He said he hoped he had lost their friendship for ever, because he had just discovered that he had only been a puppet in their hands and that Ulster had only been used to get the Conservative Party into power.

But if only Lord Carson had studied JOHN BULL for the past ten years he would have known that this false assumption of principles and sudden abandonment is one of the chief curses of Party Government.

Poor Carson! He believed when most of his associates had mocking laughter on their lips. John Redmond also believed, and died when his belief was shattered. So perhaps Lord Carson will go down to history as the last of the really sincere Party politicians.

Always welcome.

SIR Kreemy Knut is an ever welcome visitor at any time. He's just "one of the family," a real pal to thousands of jolly kiddies everywhere. You all know the reason—He stands for SHARP'S SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE, the regular family 'treat' they wouldn't miss for worlds. It's far the most delicious and wholesome sweetmeat, not only for the young, but the grown ups too. Everybody says so—so it must be true. 8D per ½ lb.

Sold loose by weight, or in 4-lb. decorated tins—also so'd in 1/-, 1/5 and 3/6 tins. If unobtainable in your district kindly send postcard, giving names of your confectioner.
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"It speaks for itself."

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When those sharp pains go shooting through your head, when your skull seems as if it would split, just rub a little Miller's Musterole on your temples and neck. It draws out the inflammation, soothes away the pain, usually giving quick relief. Used only externally, and in no way can it affect stomach and heart, as some medicines do.

Miller's Musterole is a clean, white ointment, made with oil of mustard. Better than a mustard plaster and does not blister.

Many doctors and nurses frankly recommend Miller's Musterole for sore throat, bronchitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet, colds of the chest (it often prevents pneumonia). It is always dependable.

2/6 a jar. All chemists.

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MILLER'S MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

(This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.)

To the Right Hon. Viscount Birkenhead, Lord Chancellor.

DEAR LORD BIRKENHEAD,—I know that you hope to signalise your tenure of the Woolsack by certain sweeping reforms of legal procedure, and I am wondering whether the Criminal Law is within your scope. If so, I would direct your attention to the action of a Coroner's jury at Nottingham who, at a recent inquest upon the child of an eighteen-year-old girl, ignored the medical evidence and found that the baby was still-born. You know why they did it. It is high time that the Criminal Law of England was so amended as to allow Judges a wise and humane discretion in these pitiable cases. I am sure you agree. JOHN BULL.

To Ernest Edwards, Newport County F.C.

DEAR LAD,—Although your position in the football field is at half-back, you are well in the forward line when there is work for heroes. The other day a woman who was standing on the platform at Piccadilly Tube Station slipped and fell on the metals as a train was approaching. Without hesitation, you jumped down on to the track and lifted her back to safety just in the nick of time—a more than ordinarily plucky "save." I like to think that the courage learned on the playing field does not desert men in life-and-death emergencies, and that they can "play up" on all occasions. A hearty handshake with you. Here's to it, and no skin off your knees! JOHN BULL.

To W. A. Hurry, Esq., J.P., Stratford Police Court.

SIR,—You appear to have left the milk of human kindness out of your Christmas diet. When two men were charged before you with begging on Boxing Day, it transpired they were singing carols. Both were out of work, and one of them produced a rent-book showing that he was much in arrears. They said they had no idea they were transgressing, and I believe them. But you pounced on them with: "You knew you were in the wrong. Pay 20s. each!" Now, sir, about the same time a party of titled ladies and gentlemen wearing black masks were carolling in the West End, and were given much publicity and praise for it. What I and a lot more would like to know is how a thing that is right in Mayfair becomes wrong in Wanstead, And how, in the circumstances, could you know that the men knew they were doing wrong? Any answer? JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. H. D. A. Major, Principal, Ripon Hall, Oxford.

DEAR PARSON,—I know very little of the theological beliefs which have got you into trouble with the Bishop of Oxford, but I want to say that if you are to be the victim of a "heresy hunt," I am with you all the time. It is monstrous that in these enlightened days a parson should be subjected to pains and penalties because he does nor believe that the whale swallowed Jonah, that the sun stood still upon Gilead, or that the world was made in six days. It is possible, of course, that your heterodoxy may go still further; and, if so, I say good luck to you, so long as you tell the truth according to your heart and conscience. In that case, my dear sir, if I may say so with great respect, you may safely "damn the consequences." JOHN BULL.

To Sir Archibald Weigall, Governor of South Australia.

YOUR EXCELLENCY,—I am sure that merely to state your distressing position is sufficient to win you the sympathy of your fellow-victims. You say that since your appointment taxation has decreased your income nearly sixty per cent., and that you have been so reduced as to part with the one remaining gee on which you did your morning liver discipline. As, however, you now know what it is to be on the "rocks," perhaps you will use your governing influence to prevent the scandal of inviting English people to sell their homes and migrate to misery in a country which apparently cannot guarantee a Governor a living wage. JOHN BULL.

To Robert Walter Bowen, Esq., B.A., Barrister-at-Law.

DEAR MR. BOWEN,—It is with mingled feelings of admiration and surprise that I read of your remarkable feat. Wounded at Ypres, and blinded, you have nevertheless surmounted the apparently unsurmountable and accomplished the almost impossible, by taking an honours degree at Cambridge and qualifying for a call to the Bar. The Honourable Society of Gray's Inn has on its roll many honoured names, but surely none of them can it place higher than yours; and it is a pity that coupled with it cannot be the name of your wife, to whose unremitting and loving assistance you owe so much. I am sure that in your case the old Bar joke, "May your briefless term be brief!" will have little point. JOHN BULL.

To F. K. North, Esq., J.P., Chairman, Norfolk Quarter Sessions.

DEAR CADI,—Your attitude when requested to hear the charge of incest "in camera" pleased me greatly. "The very life of English justice," you remarked, "is publicity"—and "of that there is no possible doubt, no shadow of doubt whatever." The darker the deed, the greater the light that should be shed upon it. That is the essence of justice and the safeguard of public morality. In that you took the point of view you did permit me to pat you on the back and wish you a Happy New Year. JOHN BULL.

To Sir Francis Taylor, War Compensation Court.

SIR,—In this matter-of-fact age, "young persons" of both sexes are frankly admitted to possess, if not encouraged to acquire, knowledge of certain subjects formerly and rigidly taboo. But few fathers, however thoughtless, would select a Girls' School, of all places, for a venereal hospital, as the Admiralty chose Milton Mount Girls' College at Gravesend. Still, having committed the building to such coarse purpose, it is manifestly outrageous that it should revert, with its unclean associations, to its former use—even after, as was cynically suggested, it had been "effectually disinfected." Venereal diseases are facts, and must be treated as facts. But deliberately to thrust this unsavoury phase of human sex relations into the budding lives of innocent children is disgusting and indefensible. You have rendered a public service by refusing to permit it. JOHN BULL.

To Frederick Ward, Danbury Street, Islington, London.

VAMPIRE,—You are one of the miserable wretches who stalk about without regard for anything except your own animal appetite. Though forty-one years of age, you were charged with behaving improperly with a young girl whom you had met for the first time. Had she been of normal intellect the offence would have been serious enough, but the evidence showed that your victim was extremely feeble-minded—in fact, she could not even tell the time or the different values of money. And you took advantage of the girl's weakness in this abominable manner. You are a moral coward of the first order. Instead of getting off with a paltry four pounds fine, you deserved a severe flogging—and it is a pity the law did not allow it. You make me ashamed to think of you as a man. JOHN BULL.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

Although JOHN BULL regrets the loss
Of his first editor,
He welcomes his successor, and
Trusts there's success in store.

Geddes Economy Report
Puts up the wind of Horne,
Who, shaking inwardly, affects
To treat the thing with scorn.

Conference Conference succeeds——
We'll hope for some advance
Now that Lloyd George and Briand meet
In the mild South of France.

The snowy heights of Switzerland
Our girls athletic call,
Who seem to neither care nor fear,
Although they rise to fall!

Are you in trouble? "Write to JOHN BULL about it!"

SPORT AND SPORTSMEN:

GLEANINGS FROM TRACK, FIELD, ROAD AND RING.

By "THE WAYFARER."

The "Donoghue" of Ireland.

As racing programmes in Ireland are invariably made up of hurdle races and steeplechases as well as flat events, jockeys in the Emerald Isle do not get nearly as many mounts as our riders in England. Nevertheless, Joe Dines, the "Steve Donoghue" of Ireland, has enjoyed a very brilliant career in the saddle there, and as a horseman he has few superiors. Dines (see sketch) has ridden in England on several occasions, and in his own country he came out champion jockey last season with 62 successes and a winning percentage of 24.89, which was only three wins fewer than the standing record of Joe Canty. Dines, who is also a capable footballer, is captain of the Irish jockeys' team which was beaten at Stamford Bridge by Donoghue's eleven.

Two More Winners for the Twelve.

Since writing my last week's notes we have had two more winners to bump up the profits of my "Twelve to Follow" to £17 13s. 4d.—the result of £1 stake on each runner. Sir Huon won again at Kempton Park on Boxing Day, and on the same course the following day Milesius made a brilliant first appearance over hurdles and scored at the nice price of 7 to 1. So far Hairpin II, Hopeful Bachelor, Norton and Southampton have not run; but keep an eye on them, for they must not be missed. The other eight have run fifteen times between them and have won nine races—a great record.

Frank Wootton's Bad Luck.

It was distinctly hard luck for Frank Wootton when, at Findon a few days before Christmas and riding Southampton in a schooling gallop, the horse gave him a bad tumble. The fall resulted in a broken collar bone. Wootton has proved a great rider over jumps and was making a fine fight for the leadership in the jockey's list with F. B. Rees.

Michael Beary's New Role.

Michael Beary, the Irish flat-racing jockey, will no doubt long remember his first experience as a rider under National Hunt rules, for he has put up a record which will take some beating. Beary rode for the first time over hurdles at Wolverhampton recently and carried off the first three events on Nonchalante, Wise Folly, and Cavalier.

Triumph for R. Gore.

R. Gore, the Findon trainer, has prepared many winners under National Hunt rules—a sport in which he specialises. Recently, he achieved a great triumph with Mr. Kennedy's Milesius, for his cleverness has developed an impossible flat racer into a very brilliant hurdler. Milesius, who is a son of the Tetrarch's sire, Roi Herode, invariably ran badly under Jockey Club rules, and at the end of last season Mr. Kennedy sent him to Gore.

Amateur Golfers' Petition.

Change is in the air in many fields of sport just now. A dozen of the leading amateur golf players have signed a petition for the amendment of the conditions governing the amateur championship. Put briefly, they ask for the abolition of the 18-holes matches, suggest a qualifying competition of 36 holes (18 holes on each of two days), and the qualification of the first 32 players in this competition for the championship proper, each heat to be of 36 holes. These suggestions, if carried out, would be a searching test of ability, and reduce to a minimum the luck which enters all competitive sport.

Cook and Carpentier.

Next Thursday will see the meeting of Cook and Carpentier at the Albert Hall. There is little to add to what has already appeared in these columns. Major Wilson is sure of a huge house, and if both men take the ring perfectly fit—as they appear to be at the moment—the verdict should go to Carpentier, though he will not have the easy task he had with Beckett and Billy Wells. The confidence in the Cook camp is quiet but tremendously strong—they will not think or hear of defeat. This is not a "tip"—but very nearly so!

Kid Lewis as Promoter.

Kid Lewis had a triumphant first night as a promoter at Premierland. There were more people outside the hall than could be squeezed into it, and ticket-holders and Press representatives had to call on the assistance of the police to fight their way through the packed throng to the doors. Matt Wells and Ted Moore were certainly an attraction, but they wouldn't draw a house like that anywhere else in England or under any other promoter. Kid Lewis is quite the man of the moment in the boxing world, and he means to stay there for some time yet. He is always fighting, and always fit—as a champion should, of course, be.

Which Cheque Will You Have?

The affairs of the International Sporting Club, to which I have referred, were still under investigation when the last American mail left, and many more strange things have been brought to light. For instance, Carpentier was asked to box in an exhibition bout—still in his evening dress and discarding his coat only. He was asked if 5,000 dollars would suit him! As a matter of fact, two cheques were already written, one for 5,000 dollars and the other for twice that sum. So if Georges had said "No," he could have had another £1,000 for doing nothing!

Albert Lloyd's Second Chance.

Albert Lloyd, the Australian light heavyweight, has been in England a long time, but he has had one contest only, when he beat Arthur Townley at the N.S.C. Now he is to have another at headquarters, and we are likely to see something more of the Australian's qualities in his contest with Dick Smith on January 16th. Neither man has had a great share of boxing luck. Smith should have met Marcel Nilles at Covent Garden, but the bout fell through. He is a good boxer, but I think Lloyd (see sketch) is equally skilful and possessed of more rugged strength and determination.

The Missed Penalty Kick.

It has been computed that one penalty kick in four fails to obtain a goal, and because a man fails with a kick from the mark, there are often allegations that the match has been "sold." Well, bitter experience on the field has taught the most skilled professional that scoring from a penalty kick is not so easy as it looks from the stand. It is easier than it was in the days when the goalkeeper was allowed to advance, but I have not known a team yet where men were eager to volunteer for the job. And once a man has failed, his morale has slumped fifty per cent. Do you remember Arthur Grimsdell failing twice in one match? He was a very sick man that day

An Extraordinary Choice.

I do not know what influenced the F.A. in choosing Norwich as the scene of the North *v.* South amateur trial match at the end of this week, but a more inconvenient place could hardly be imagined. It is all very well getting to Norwich from London, but try it from the North and Midlands. The long weary journey makes one curse East Anglia hours before the Cathedral city is reached. And, really, is a cramped ground like The Nest, with little or no space outside the touch lines, the sort of place to provide a real test of ability?

Claims of E. H. Coleman.

The two teams which have been chosen for this amateur international trial are as representative of our best talent as one could wish to find, and though the North on paper appear the stronger lot, they will have a difficulty in penetrating the stout Southern defence. Whatever happens, I think the choice of E. H. Coleman, the Dulwich Hamlet custodian, as the "keeper" for England at Swansea on January 21 will give general satisfaction. Coleman, whose sketch I give, has not the spasmodic brilliance of Howard Baker, but he is eminently sound.

A Hockey Anomaly.

Hockey rules which permit such an anomaly as Irishmen assisting English divisions in trial matches when it is known they cannot play for England require immediate alteration. The Midland selectors have chosen two Irishmen to play against the West at Bristol—men who have a residential qualification to do so, but whose birth prevents them getting English caps. What is the object of the Midland choice? It is grotesque to place men in a trial team who could not play for the country if selected, and it is grossly unfair to two Englishmen who cannot get their places in consequence.

A Very Proper Rule.

When the next lawn tennis championships have been decided—whether at Wimbledon or Wimbledon Park is at present uncertain—it will be the last occasion on which the holders of titles will not be compelled to play through. In the coming summer they are to have the option of doing so or waiting for the challenge round. W. T. Tilden, the American, always was keen in his advocacy of the principle now adopted. In the billiards world, Inman has always been violently opposed to it. I have a very decided opinion as to who is right. What would be said if the F.A. decided that the English Cup winners should be exempt until the finish of the following season?

Hereford's Claim to Fame.

Hereford is not famous as a sports centre, but it is to be the venue of the National Cross-Country Championship of 1922, and every effort is being made locally to ensure the success of the event. No doubt other centres could urge their claim with great eloquence, but it is not easy to find a place where a huge field can be assured of a perfectly fair start. The Southern Championship will, I believe, be held at Uxbridge, where the R.A.F. grounds would form a starting place.

All queries relating to sporting matters dealt with on this page should be addressed to the Editor of "Sporting Life," 27, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, in which paper answers will be given.

THE WAY OF

Sinuous Paths in Politics—The Sale o

By THE E

WITHOUT paying too much heed to the inspired warnings of an early General Election, I want, this week, to attack a problem which lies at the very root of our social well-being. For, whether we like it or not, there is no escape from "politics" in the broad sense of that term, and on the day the British citizen ceases to grumble at his rulers we shall be a doomed and decadent nation. And, in the name of goodness, there is something to grumble at. I am concerned not to attack this individual Minister or that, or to retail the variegated scandals which go the round of the clubs, but rather to impeach the whole system of government in this country as being fundamentally undemocratic, radically unsound, and utterly unsuited to the urgent and pressing needs of a great Imperial people. This is a bold indictment, and I daresay there are some of my readers who will catch their breath with dismay at such an unflattering estimate of our much-belauded British Constitution. But I mean every word of what I say. The so-called democratic constitution of Great Britain is a fraud and a delusion, and unless we can cleanse the Augean stables of political corruption there can be no tolerable future for the working masses of the nation. In the columns of this journal I have for years waged war on the Party System, and it is to the operation of obsolete Party principles, under the specious guise of Coalition government, that I trace most of the evils from which we are suffering to-day. I mean to fight out this question with the gloves off, and, as our Yankee friends say, to begin "right now."

Home Rule for Great Britain.

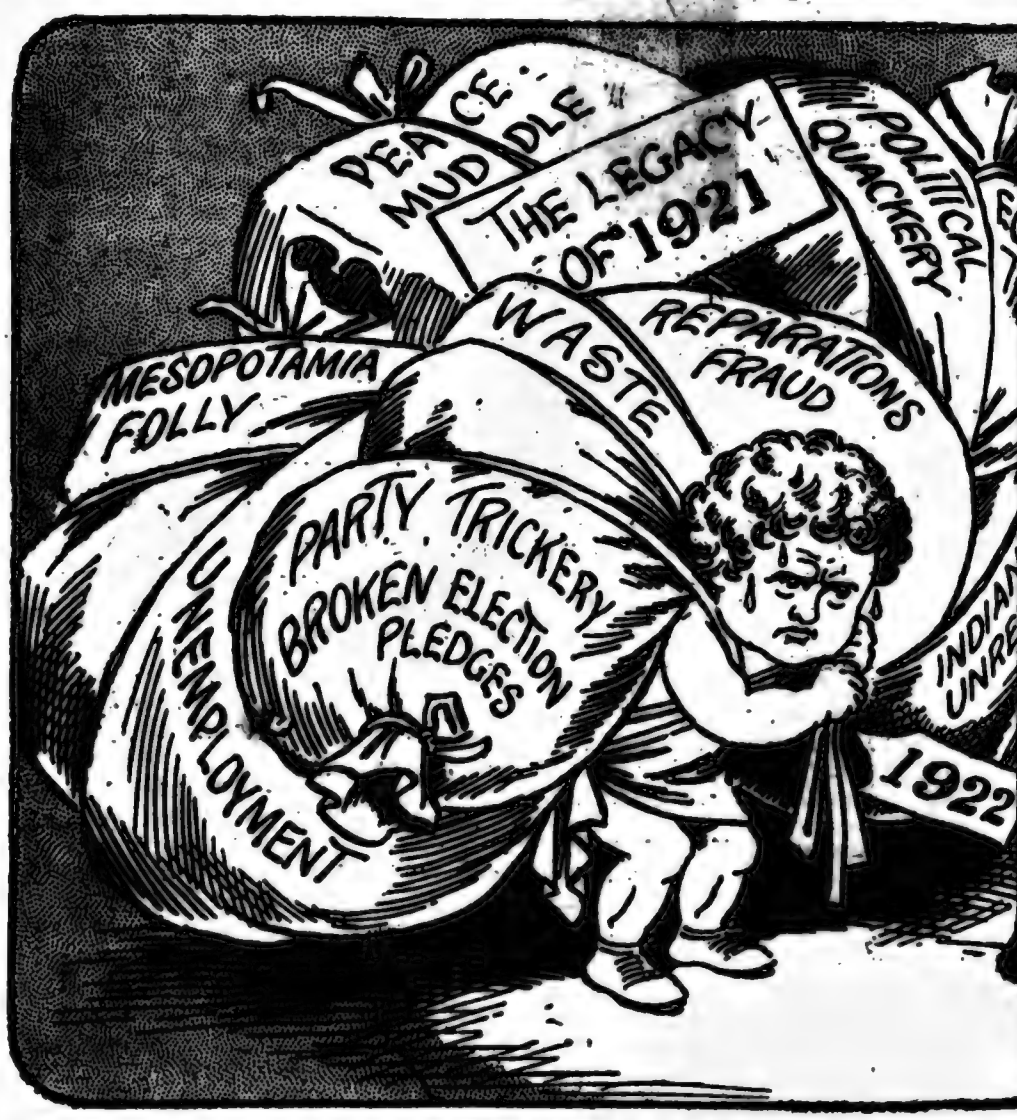
It is a very fine thing, no doubt, to set up "Free States" in the heart of the Empire, and to pay fawning deference to the claims to Home Rule which emanate from India, Egypt, and other outlying portions of the King's Dominions, but I wonder how long it will be before the common citizens of Great Britain demand "self-government" for themselves as a sort of practical afterthought to these fine gestures of Imperial statecraft. For, really, they have not got it to-day. Some of us think we have, perhaps, but that is an amiable piece of self-deception which will not bear examination. What happens in the average British constituency at a Parliamentary contest is that the "free and enlightened electors" are given a choice of two or three candidates who, through the agency of the various Party caucuses, have been induced to put themselves forward for seats at Westminster. In the Whips' Offices, in London, are carefully-prepared lists of Parliamentary aspirants who, as occasion demands, may be "recommended" to the local political organisations. There are rich men who, having made handsome contributions to the Party funds, have been promised a "safe seat" at the first convenient opportunity. There are young men of talent who will have their election expenses paid on the understanding that, if returned to the House of Commons, they will be good boys, do as they are told, and "help with the washing." If a local candidate is in view, he must be approved by the Party headquarters in London, or lose the support of the "Caucus," which alone can ensure victory. So the political game of Put-and-Take goes merrily on.

A Bogus System.

Under such conditions to say that the electors "choose" their Members of Parliament is a farcical abuse of language. In most constituencies, there is about as much choice—in the proper sense of the term—as there would be in asking a man if he would prefer to be hanged or shot. As everyone knows who has ever had a hand in the game at all, the whole thing is cut and dried from the start, and the truly "independent" candidate who sets out to defy the Caucus may expect a rough time. Occasionally, some bold and adventurous David, armed only with the sling and stones of intelligence and determination, may destroy the Goliath of the Philistines and march in triumph to Westminster, but in a general way the able and ambitious man prefers to seek the shelter of the Party fold. The existence of a Coalition Government makes no difference whatever to the working of the Party machinery. It simply means that instead of two main Party programmes between which the electors might choose, the heads of the great political factions have settled their difference in private and agreed to divide the spoils of the ballot. The effect of the Coalition system is not to free the electors from the trammels of Party rule, but rather to efface the liberties of Parliament by restricting the choice of the voters, and mobilising both of the great Party organisations in support of a single policy. It is this machine-made programme which in the heat of Parliamentary debate is fervently extolled as "the Will of the People." Obviously, it is nothing of the kind. The sober-minded elector in, shall we say, a North of England industrial town, may have no choice in electing a Member of Parliament between a dull and wealthy manufacturer, whose views inspire him with no enthusiasm, and a scatter-brained Socialist agitator, who, for the sake of his pet shibboleths, would overthrow the whole fabric of society. In casting his vote, the bewildered elector chooses the lesser of two evils—and then stands himself an extra pint because he has exercised the franchise of a free-born British citizen. It is a wonderful game!

The Sale of Honours.

But that is not the best of it. Who makes these wonderful programmes which are reproduced on Party platforms all over the country, like so many gramophone records, as each General Election comes along? Perhaps I can best answer this question by calling attention to one or two salient facts. Each political Party, the Tories and the Radicals in the old days, and now, if you like, the Coalition and the Wee-Frees—yes, and even the Labour Party—has a War Chest, as it is called, which has to be kept nicely filled in case at any moment it may be necessary upon sudden emergency to ascertain "the Will of the People." We know what happens. A rich manufacturer who has been heard privately to express his



"That's an awful load, my lad,
That's been left you by your dad;

THE SERPENT.

of Honours—Cleanse the Commons!

THE EDITOR.

admiration for Mr. Lloyd George, and to thank Heaven for the priceless gift of the Coalition Government, receives a gracious call from a tactful emissary from the Whips' Office. It is whispered that funds are low, and that if one or two fat cheques are not soon forthcoming there is a danger that more wicked Socialists may be returned to make the House of Commons unfit for respectable Party politicians to live in. Moved to compassion for his country's plight, the rich man signs a draft on his bankers, which gives a promising lift-up to the Coalition exchequer, and ensures that nice young men who are ready to support the Prime Minister and ask no questions shall have no bother about their election expenses. It is all beautifully arranged. One of these days, the munificent donor wakes up to find himself a Peer of the Realm or, at the very least, a full-blown Baronet. But if you say that "honours" are sold in this Land of Hope and Glory, you're a vulgar, ill-bred person—and ought to be ashamed of yourself. If you look at the New Year's Honours List you will see that Mr. Midas Moneybags has been raised to the peerage for "conspicuous public services," so hold your tongue and mind your own business. These sacred mysteries are not for prying eyes!

The Decay of Parliament.

As a result, the power and influence of the House of Commons have enormously declined of late years. Owing to the operation of the Party System—as I have constantly pointed out—Parliament in these days is little more than a machine for registering the edicts of the Cabinet, which has, by degrees, usurped a large measure of legislative authority. If I had time, I might discuss the amazing futility of the system which appoints men as supreme heads of the great Departments of State, not because of their administrative ability, but simply on account of their talking achievements in the House of Commons and on the public platform. But the main point to be noted is that Ministers of the Crown who ought, if history and sound constitutional practice are to be regarded, to be the servants of the House of Commons are to-day its acknowledged masters. Indeed, the process has gone even farther, and at this moment the Prime Minister is a virtual Dictator with unquestioned sway over the lives and fortunes of the King's lieges. Do not misunderstand me. I admire Mr. Lloyd George immensely. At "political strategy"—to use his own phrase—he has few equals, and in the arts of Parliamentary legerdemain he is the chief wizard of the age. I can conceive, for instance, of nothing more skilful than the manner in which he claims credit for all the achievements of the Coalition and escapes blame for all its mistakes. I like the way in which he pats himself—instead of Lord Birkenhead—on the back for the Irish settlement. It is capital, and I know of no other man in political life to-day who could do it with the same light and graceful air. It is almost as good as when he invented a housing policy, presented it to Dr. Addison, and when it failed, kicked him out for trying it. If the phrase may be allowed, there are "no flies" on Mr. Lloyd George.

"There's no wonder, little chappie,
That you don't look very happy."

True Democracy.

Yet I believe that some day the Prime Minister will find his master; and unless I am much mistaken, the doughty champion who will lay him low, is my old friend, the Man-in-the-Street, of whose views I warn the politicians to take serious account. For John Citizen is thinking—and to some purpose. For one thing, he is sick and tired of politics, in the ordinary sense of that term, and has begun to realise that as often as a General Election comes round he is fooled to the top of his bent by the Party wire-pullers. Gradually, he is finding out that the whole political system in this country is upside down and must be turned right side up before it can begin to function properly in the interests of the people. In the political sphere, we have a mischievous modern version of the House that Jack Built. The country is governed by the Cabinet, which appoints the Whips, who control the Caucus, which chooses the candidates, who gull the electors as often as the polling-booths are opened to ascertain the "Will of the People." Whatever name be given to this system of Government from above downwards, it is *not* democracy, for which, as President Wilson told us, the blood of our heroes was spilt to "make the world safe."

The Way Out.

The turn for the better will be taken in our British social and political life as soon as the people get the real choice of Parliamentary candidates into their own hands. This, I am convinced, is the crux of the matter. I have no space to go into the whole sinister history of the Party funds, or to follow the "way of the serpent" through the jungle of political intrigue. I can do no more than throw out the suggestion that in politics, as in other spheres of life, he who pays the piper calls the tune, and we can have no faith in the programme of any Party or Group until we know the sources of its income. In this matter, there is little to choose between the rival factions, and I fancy the audited accounts of the Labour Party would make quite as interesting reading as the balance-sheets of the Coalition Whips. But the main thing is for the electors to recover their lost "freedom and independence," for men and women together to insist upon putting forward Parliamentary candidates of proved capacity and stalwart independence in opposition to the docile and obedient slaves of the Party Caucus. With an awakened political sense in the minds of the people at large, it should not be difficult to devise machinery for this purpose, and I shall hope before long to take a hand in this urgent task. In a democratic State the common people should govern themselves through freely-elected representatives, answerable to none but their constituents, and pledged to nothing but an honest and intelligent discharge of their Parliamentary duties. Then the earnest reformer may take heart of courage, and look forward with confidence to the day when England shall be worthy of a gallant people's stout devotion and of the matchless valour of her departed sons.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

THE REV. G. STUDDERT KENNEDY, M.C.
("WOODBINE WILLIE.")

"GOO' mornin', sir . . . *Can I attend to you at once?* Cert'n'y, sir. Wot is it you require — shavin'? . . . Thank you, sir. This chair, if you'll be so good. . . . No, I don't mind if you smokes, sir; but I rawther fancy you won't find it too easy, on account o' the larther. . . . *Must 'ave your Woodbine?* Is thet the sorter cigarette you smoke, sir? You surprise me. You don't orfen see a clergyman smokin' thet brand. You reminds me of "Woodbine Willie," the padre wot was so popular jurin' the Wore—you know, sir; the Rev. Studdert Kennedy, wot won the M.C. . . . Popular? I sh'd jest think 'e was! I 'eard a lot about 'im at the time. 'E did 'is bit on be'arf of recruitin' before 'e went to the Front; and out there, I'm told, all the blokes in 'is unit would 'ave done anything for 'im—an' not jest becos 'e was free with 'is Woodbines, neether. . . .

* * *

Seem very interested in "Woodbine Willie"? I am. I'm never tired o' watchin' some sort o' parsons. 'Sides, 'e's jest published a new book, wot a friend o' mine lent me to read. I don't git much time for readin' nowadays, but I managed to work me way through *Democracy and the Dorg Collar.* There's one sentence in thet book wot surprised me, comin' from "Woodbine Willie." 'E's talkin' about August nineteen fourteen, and 'e ses 'e decided to play 'is part in the Wore becos 'e believed thet, disastrous as it was, it was forced on us, and thet if we'd refused the challenge a greater an' more awful disaster would 'ave fallen on us—not only on us as a nation but on the world as a 'ole. 'E goes on to say thet 'e ain't quite shore now that thet is true. In short, 'e seems to regret thet 'e done 'is bit an' incouraged others to do theirs. 'E seems to suggest thet it was a pity we butted in. 'E seems sorter sorry we interfered with the 'Uns' plans, wot p'raps wasn't so shockin' as some people thought. Now, I don't like thet. It's sorter rattin'. 'E was a brave man in the field. You 'ave to be to win the M.C. Now 'e's spoilin' 'isself. 'E's joined the ranks o' the grousin' ex-Service men wot complain thet they're worse orf now than before they fought for their country. Most chaps are, as a matter o' fack; but thet don't prove thet they would 'ave bin justified in 'oldin' back. If the Germans 'ad come 'ere things would 'ave bin worse then they really are to-day. Thet's the point we've gotter look at.

* * *

It's all very well to keep 'arpin' an' hankin' on the rotten state o' things wot 'as followed our winnin' the Wore; but in my opinion the most sensible plan is to keep well in mind 'ow much more rotten things would 'ave bin if we'd lorst it! If you looks at it thet way, an' if "Woodbine Willie" was to do so too, you an' 'im will agree thet all our sacrifices was justified. . . . *You don't orfen git sich outspoken criticism from a barber?* P'raps not, sir. . . . *Taken you aback,* 'as it? . . . 'Ere, 'old up, Mr. Kennedy, or you'll be over! . . . There, I thought you would! . . . All right, sir. No 'arm done, not on neether side. Goo' day, sir. Much obliged. . . .

MY NIGHT OUT.

By MRS. MALAPROP-BROWN.

GRAND GUIGNOL.

I grant you Miss Steggles is free with her the-atre tickets—how she gets them ain't for me to inquire, thank you.

"By the way, this is your night out, ain't it, Mrs. Brown?" she says.

"I believe so," I says, "seeing as it's a fortnight to the very day since I had my last."

"Have you got anythink on?" she says.

"Miss Steggles," I retorts, "I, a cook of forty years' standing, ain't customed to count for my movement to any upper housemaid as ever was."

"You needn't get huffy," she says. "I was going to ask you if you'd like to go to the Little Theatre. I've got a spare ticket for to-night."

"It would be ungrateful of me to refuge, my dear," I says. "Besides, I likes the name of the place. The Little The-atre sounds nice and homely and quiet, like. Also respectable."

"You'll find it quiet and homely all right," she says, with that irrigating grin of hers.

* * *

My first depression of the Little The-atre was just what I had expectorated, some-how—nice and quiet and homely. The pogrom said as the first play was called "Haricot Beans," and the name naturally interested me, seeing as cooking is me profession. Said I to meself as I set there, I should like to see the play-actors what can teach *me* anythink about haricot beans, my dear! As a matter of fact it was all about a respectable working man what won two thousand pounds in a newspaper competition by guessing how many beans made five or somethink, but when it come to getting his money he was diddled out of it by some rascally journalist—not getting so much as a bean, as they say, for his trouble. I felt a little bit disappointed. However, I followed the rest of the audience to the refreshment room, and after a little drop of gin felt a bit brighter.

* * *

It's a good job I'd had somethink to cheer me up. The next play was called "The Unseen," and it wasn't long before I begun to wish Miss Steggles had never darkened our doors. That Sybil Thorndike played the part of the heron, and I must say as she's got the most horrifying and flesh-creeping scream as I've ever heard—and *I've* had some trying scullery maids under me, *I* can tell you! So long as she can see or think she can see the vision of her dead husband, she's happy. But as soon as some interferin' nosey foreigner mesmerises her so as she can't see it no longer, she gives way to screeching, and screeches herself into the madhouse. I tell you, she screeched me out of me seat and well into the refreshment room before the curtain was half-way down. And not me alone, neether. I've never seen a refreshment room at a the-atre so well supported. The barmaid, seeing me all of a tremble, like an ashpan, said that was nothink to what was to follow. There's a horrible murder, she says. *What,* I says, am I to set and see murders at my time of life? Never! Here I am, and here I'll stay till the show is over, thank you. And stay there I did. And from what I heard after, I don't think I was a bad judge. I wonder if that Miss Steggles has got some design on my nerves?

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid in the centre of every line published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"SHEFFIELD TELEGRAPH AND STAR":—"A party of about 100 DEAF AND DUMB PERSONS . . . visited the Cenotaph. . . . The whole party then, with bowed heads, UTTERED A BRIEF PRAYER."

"PEOPLE'S JOURNAL":—"If it hadn't been for bluffing I should have LOST MY LIFE MORE THAN ONCE."

"YORKSHIRE EVENING POST":—"Private William Bancroft said that . . . he was ASLEEP in the barrack-room when he SAW a soldier with a rifle walking away from his bedside."

"SHIELDS DAILY NEWS":—"Burglars who visited the house . . . eat the TWO HIND LEGS of a partly-cooked turkey."

"BEDFORDSHIRE TIMES AND INDEPENDENT":—"She looked just as anyone would want their mother to look, dressed in a soft GREY gown of BLACK charmeuse."

"CAMBRIDGE DAILY NEWS":—"Three inches of snow, and ten INCHES of frost were reported this morning from East Scotland."

"SOUTHEND STANDARD" (advertisement):—"———'s Jazz Band . . . Plays Every Day with the Greatest Success at the Palace Hotel. THE OLDEST-ESTABLISHED PAWNBROKERS IN THE DISTRICT."

"SOUTH WALES ECHO" (advertisement):—"Sale, smart Welsh PONY, 7 years, WITH NEW RUBBER TYRES."

"YOUNG BRITAIN":—"The SOUND of a blow, followed by a CRY of pain, reached Tom's LIPS, and he instantly dashed forward."

RESULT OF FOOTBALL COMPETITION No. 16.

In this competition the following five competitors each sent a coupon containing the correct results of the ten matches played on Saturday, December 24th, and therefore divide the prize of £1,000—each receiving £200:—

DEAL, A. W., 145, Fleet Street, E.C. 4.;
DUKE, S. F., 11, Blythswood Road, Tyseley, Birmingham;
HEATHCOTE, S., 125, Leathwaite Road, Clapham Common, S.W.;
LEWIS, H., 43, Queen Street, Lydney, Glos;
TAYLOR, A., 104, Monks Road, Lincoln.

OUR ADVERTISEMENT COLUMNS.

Hundreds of thousands of pounds' worth of goods are bought by JOHN BULL readers through the post. They know that their money is safe because their transaction is covered by our guarantee. A great deal of advertising is declined by us as unworthy of inclusion. Any complaint respecting an advertiser should be sent to the Advertisement Manager, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be dealt with immediately.

The following are some interesting items this week:—

Riley's home billiard tables—which are excellent value and can be secured by a first payment of 15s.

Coal, from 49s. per ton, is offered by Direct Fish Supplies, Ltd.

William Shadforth announces a number of remedies, giving the prescriptions, and will send a copy of "Health News" free on request.

Curzon Brothers, Ltd., repeat their bargain offer of men's made-to-measure clothing.

The Pepsodent Co. will mail a ten-day tube of their dentifrice free.

Phœnix School of Business offer prospectus of their Salesmanship Course free.

A New Medicine you Breathe into

THROAT & CHEST

THE only safe and effective method of treating coughs, colds and bronchitis is to take Peps.

When a Peps tablet is removed from its preserving silver wrapper and dissolved on the tongue, powerful medicinal fumes are *breathed direct* into the lungs. As our diagram shows, Peps actually reach the seat of bronchial troubles, whereas liquid "cough cures" and "lung tonics" are merely swallowed straight into the stomach.

The Peps medicinal fumes thus come into direct contact with every part of the throat and chest, which are soothed, healed and protected against the perils that come with sudden weather changes

Of all Chemists at 2/- and 5/-

PEPS

FOR COUGHS, COLDS & BRONCHITIS

THE FINAL WORD ON SKIN TREATMENT.

A REMEDY WITHOUT A RIVAL.

Germolene, the New Aseptic Skin Dressing, Exhaustively Tested and Found Perfect.

The final word of science on the curative treatment of the skin is embodied in Germolene, the new aseptic dressing. This is no mere statement. Its truth has been verified beyond question. First of all in the famous laboratory of the Veno Drug Co., Ltd., of Manchester, where the remarkable formula originated, Germolene was tested exhaustively under the supervision of highly-qualified men, and the results of its use were examined in hundreds of cases of actual human skin suffering. Then—what is even more important—it has stood the ordeal of world-wide use, and the daily testimony which appears in the Press proves it to be one of the most remarkable domestic specifics of the age. Finally, it has received the highest awards possible—four gold medals—at great international exhibitions.

Germolene is without a rival in the treatment of such skin ailments as eczema, rashes, itching skin, psoriasis, pimples, piles, bad legs, deep-seated ulcers, children's complaints such as ringworm and impetigo, all skin accidents and poisoned wounds. For facial eruptions, it is a superb remedy. On account of its delicate flesh tint it is quite invisible, and therefore unobjectionable. It is quickly absorbed into the pores, soothes at a touch, comforts, cleanses, heals, and gives the skin the texture of perfect health. Sold at 3/- (1/3 the small size) by all chemists.

Your most precious asset is YOUR HEALTH

GUARD it with all your strength. Free information and literature can be obtained (in strict confidence and in a plain cover) from the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, 34a, Avenue Chambers, Vernon Place, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

Everyone should possess the "Welfare Library" (7 books on social subjects), 1/3 post free.

Keep your boys at Home!

15/- down brings to your door **RILEY'S "Home" Billiard Table**

—you pay the balance whilst you play.

Don't let your boy get the "wandering" spirit during the winter nights; keep them happy at home by installing a Riley "Home" Billiard Table. There is one to fit your dining table.

A P.O. for 15/- sent to-day will bring a perfectly true 6ft. 4in. size (Cash Price £15 10) "Home" Billiard Table, and the balance you pay monthly whilst you play. There are various sizes at proportionate prices.

RILEY'S "COMBINE" BILLIARD AND DINING TABLES from £27 10 or in 20 monthly payments.

Every table complete with accessories and delivered free to any address within one mile of any railway station in United Kingdom. "SEVEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL GIVEN.

Write for Free Price List to-day.

Riley's are makers of the world-famed "Riley's" Full-Size Billiard Tables. All repairs carried out. Accessories supplied. Send for price list.

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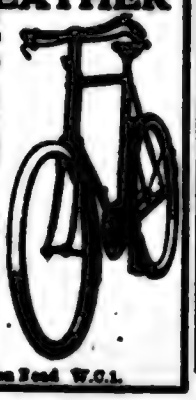
London Showrooms: 147, Aldersgate Street, E.C. 1.

Salesmanship

"Having taken your Course has been the best investment of my life," writes a Student, trained and placed in a good position by the Phoenix School. Short Postal Courses in: SPECIALITY SELLING. COMMERCIAL TRAVELLING. SALES MANAGEMENT. RETAIL SELLING. Spare time study. Every Diploma Student introduced to a vacancy. Write for Prospectus, Dept. 30, PHOENIX SCHOOL OF SALESMEN, Ltd. 199, Oxford Street, W.1.

AN ALL-WEATHER BICYCLE for £4:17:6



A sturdy "All-Weather" cycle, made in the best factories (B.S.A. & R.R.) for the Government; thoroughly overhauled, and guaranteed to be in perfect condition, will be sent you direct for £4:17:6.

Get this splendid winter knock-about, and save pounds in tyres. Easy payments. Money returned if not satisfied. Write or call at 132, Gray's Inn Road.

Hearn CYCLE CO LIMITED.

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BAD LEGS

Cured by the New Method. Pain is banished Rest is unnecessary, Work is unin errupted. Operations are abolished, Relapse is impossible, Failure is unknown. If Doctors have failed, if Specialists have failed, if Hospitals have failed, it matters not. Tremol Treatment, the new Therapeutic discovery for Bad Legs, is certain to cure you, and may save your life. Write to-day for the illustrated book, "Cures by the Cured," post free.

NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS, (Ward B.L.), Great Clowes Street, Broughton, **MANCHESTER.**

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT MEDICINES

And How You Can Avoid Paying Excessive Prices.

By WM. SHADFORTH, Ph.C.

Editor "Health News," Author of "The Wealth of Health": Pharmaceutical Chemist, Highest Qualification, Pharmaceutical Society, Great Britain.

The high cost of drugs is very hard on the sick. Antipyrin, Cascara, Citrates, Hexamine, Magnesia, Phenacetin, Quinine, Salicylates, &c., are still above pre-war prices. Chemists are not to blame for high prices. As a large buyer I am able to dispense medicines at reasonable fees. A few specimens are given below. More home remedies are contained in my publication, "Health News," and I will send specimen copies to all purchasers of any of the following if asked for when ordering:

LOOK FOR YOUR AILMENT BELOW, SEND FOR MEDICINES AT PRICES NAMED:

DYSPEPSIA, HEARTBURN, WIND AND CONSTIPATION. (Prescription 552.)

Contains nature's digestive juices. *Pepsin, 7-8's grain. Malt Extract, ½ grain. Diastase, 1-16 ½ grain. Charcoal, 1-3rd grain. Cascara Extract, 1-3rd grain.*

In 1 Tablet. Dose: 2 with meals. Price 1/6 (50) and 2/9 (100 tablets).

DEBILITY WITH ANÆMIA (Prescription 555.)

Quinine Hypophosphite, Calcium Hypophosphite, Sodium Hypophosphite, Hæmoglobin, Oil of Aniseed, Sugar.

In Tablets. Dose: 1 or 2 thrice daily.

Useful for early treatment. Will prevent Anæmia and a run-down condition, and give the pink tinge of health.

In boxes at 1/6 (50), 2/6 (100) and 7/- (300).

HEADACHE and NEURALGIA (Prescription 945.)

Phenacetin with Cinnamon Base.

In lozenge, with directions.

Price 1/3 (10 lozenges), and 3/3 (30 lozenges). Use also Prescription 2,000.

SICK HEADACHE, PAINS in the STOMACH, INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION, LIVERISHNESS. (Prescription 2,000.)

Will relieve bilious attacks, sick headache, and some forms of bowel indigestion.

Barbadoes Aloes, 1 grain. Capsicine, 1-16th grain.

In one pill with directions.

Price 1/3 (100) 2/- 300.)

SALLOW COMPLEXION, BLACKHEADS, PIMPLES, BULL EYES, ECZEMA. Prescription (462.)

Charcoal, ½ grain. Dried Sulph. Iron, ½ grain. Calcium Sulphide, ½ grain. Nux Vomica Extract, 1-16 ½ gr. Gentian Extract, 1 grain.

In 1 tablet, with directions. Dose: 1 or 2 tablets 3 or 4 times a day. Price 1/9 (72) and 2/3 (144).

PAINS in LIMBS and JOINTS, STIFFNESS, SWOLLEN TOES and FINGERS. (Prescription 74.)

(Rheumatic Gout and Arthritis.)

Colchicum Extract, ½ grain. Blue Pill, 1 grain. Quinine, Blaud's Pill, 1 grain. Extract Hyoscyamus, 1 grain. Methylene Blue, 1-5th grain.

Useful in Rheumatic Gout, Sciatica, and certain forms of Arthritis.

Price 1/9 (50) 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144 pills).

NERVE WEAKNESS and MENTAL DEPRESSION, DEBILITY STOMACH. (Prescription 476.)

Phosphorus, 1-100th grain. Nux Vomica Extract, 1-8th gr. Damiana Extract, 2 grains. Pure Lecithin, ½ grain.

1/9 (72), 2/3 (96), 4/- (166), and 17/- (300 tablets).

This formula acts like magic in warm weather lassitude.

SOUR TASTE, SORE STOMACH, WIND. (Prescription 1,877.)

(Acid Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh.)

Bismuth Carbonate, Soda Bicarbonate, Magnesia Carbonate, Carminatives.

In six-grain tablets. Neutralises acidity and removes the feeling of fulness in acid indigestion. Non-purgative.

1/6 (72), 2/6 (144)

DROPSY. (Prescription 330.)

An old and well tried Prescription when heart, liver, and kidneys are at fault.

Squills, Digitalis, Calomel, Opium.

In pills. Dose: 1 or 2 pills thrice daily.

Price 2/6 (72) and 4/6 (144).

BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO. (Prescription 48.)

Potassium Nitrate, 1½ grain. Colchicum, ½ grain. Capsicum, ½ grain. Methylene Blue, 1-5th grain. Buchu Extract, ½ grain Juniper Oil, ½ drop. Venice Turpentine ½ grain. Bearberry Extract, ½ grain. Copaiba Balsam, ½ drop.

1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144 tablets).

BLADDER and KIDNEY IRRITATION, SCALDING, STRICTURE, CYSTITIS. (Prescription 222.)

Sandal Oil, Cubebs Venice Turpentine Copaiba Balsam, Colchicum Extract, Ground Nux Root, Podophyllin Resin, Hexamethylene Tetramine.

Possesses antiseptic and cooling properties. Stimulates the liver.

Price 1/6 (72) and 4/6 (144 pills).

HEART WEAKNESS, PALPITATION, GIDDINESS, NOISES in the HEAD. (Prescription 632.)

Digitalis ½ grain. Nux Vomica Extract, 1-16th gr. Gentian Extract, 1 grain. Dandelion Extract, 1 grain.

Price 2/6 (72) and 4/6 (144 pills).

ACUTE NASAL CATARRH. Relieved in 2 minutes, Cured in 2 days.

The symptoms of Nasal Catarrh include a muco-purulent and offensive nasal discharge, insensate snuffing sense of fulness of the nose mouth breathing, nasal twang, frontal headache, defective taste and smell, watering of the eyes, dry throat, deafness, hawking, etc.

Nasal Catarrh is often the first stage of Bronchitis, Influenza, Cold on the Chest, Pneumonia, Hay Fever, Ear and Lung Troubles.

Breathe through your nose, not through your mouth. Keep mouth and nose germ-free by the timely and regular use of this prescription, and dwell long in the land of the living.

Shadforth Prescription No. 28IX. A new effervescent, germicidal nose and mouth wash tablet.

Price 1/6 (50), 2/9 (100). Can be usefully employed while taking No. 331.

EXCESSIVE STOUTNESS, FLABBY LIMBS, BIG STOMACH. (Prescription 575.)

(A successful treatment.)

Extract of Seaweed, Potassium Iodide, Thyroid Gland, etc.

Price 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144 tablets).

In addition take a saltspoonful of Marienbad Salt (Formula 616) before breakfast, and massage with Ozgall Soap (Formula 946) in a hot-water bath twice or thrice weekly. The salts cost 1/6, Soap 1/3.) Consult Pamphlet No. 93.

TO PREVENT LOSS OF WEIGHT, WEAKNESS, &c. and "THROWOFF" COLDS. (Prescription 582.)

Zinc Phosphide, 1-20th grain. Lecithin 1-5th gram. Calcium Hypophos., 1-5 ½ grain. Soda Hypophos., 1-1 th grain. Potas Hypophos., 1-10th grain. Casein 1½ grain.

In 1 tablet. Dose: 1 to 3 tablets. Children may take ½ a tablet.

Price 2/3 (72), 4/6 (144).

DRUG, ALCOHOL, and TOBACCO VICTIMS. (Prescription 1,878.)

Quassia Extract, 1 grain. Peppermint Oil 1-3rd drop. Sugar Base sufficient (With directions.)

You cannot enjoy either tobacco, alcohol or drugs, with one of these health-giving tablets in your mouth. Stops the craving.

Price 1/6 (72) and 2/6 (144 tablets).

ACNE, PIMPLES, ECZEMA SKIN ERUPTIONS, BLOOD IMPURITIES. (Prescription 1,282.

A known admitted, and approved remedy, registered in the Pharmaceutical Journal Formulary as Blood Purifier.

Price 2/6 (72), 4/3 (144) and 12/- (432)

HABITUAL CONSTIPATION, SLUGGISH LIVER, ATONIC DYSPEPSIA. (Prescription 394.)

Cascara Extract, 2 grains. Nux Vomica Extract, ½ grain. Belladonna Extract 1-6 th gr. Gentian Extract, ½ grain.

In one pill. Price 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144 pills), with directions.

ANTI-TUBERCULAR LUNG TONIC. (Prescription 222.)

Creosote, Cinnamon, Bone Marrow, Lecithin, Phosphorus and Iodine.

Not sold as a consumptive cure, but, nevertheless, useful in combating lung weakness.

Price 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), 12/- (432 tablets).

HUSKINESS, SORE NOSE, THROAT and CHEST, BRONCHIAL COUGH, COLD on the CHEST, NASAL CATARRH. (Prescription 331.)

Paregoric Elixir, Liquorice Extract, Pine Tar, Creosote.

Price 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144 pills).

Can be advantageously taken while using No. 28IX.

PSORIASIS, SCALY ECZEMA, SCURF, ALOPECIA (Bald Patches). (Prescription 250.)

Perchloride of Mercury, Creosote, Zinc Ointment.

Price 1/6 and 4/-.

PALLOR, LANGUOR, HURRIED BREATHING, FAINTINGS. (Prescription 325).

(Anæmia, Chlorosis and Bloodlessness.)

Specially useful for Anæmic brain workers, either male or female.

Blaud Pill. Calc. Sulph. Alcin. Manganese Citrate. Nux Vomica Extract. Lecithin. (4th dilutions).

Price 2/- (72), 3/6 (144 pills).

ANY chemist or drug store proprietor can obtain these medicines for you; or you can have them post free at the prices named (abroad extra) from

Mr. Wm. SHADFORTH, PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST. (Shadforth Prescription Service Ltd.)

40 (Dept. J.B. 48), KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4. (Near King William Monument)

East End Branch: 63, Grove Road, Bow, E.3 City Agents: Messrs. Gamage, Holborn, E.C

"THANK YOU, MR. ATKINS"—AND YOU, JACK, TOO!

OUR PLEDGE.—"*No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged or unremedied.*"—JOHN BULL, *10th August*, 1916.

R.A.S.C.:—Over 8,000 names are on the official roll lately issued of soldiers in the Royal Army Service Corps who laid down their lives during the war. Not so bad for non-combatants whom some used rudely to refer to as "Ally Sloper's Cavalry." Evidently they were there when they were needed. After all, the test of a British soldier's bravery is his opportunity.

A Meal of Death:—Perhaps the most pitiful victims of the war are the gallant fellows who fought and suffered at the cost of their mental balance. One such has just died while an inmate of the Springfield Mental Hospital, Tooting. Suffering from paralysis, he was confined in a padded room and needed the constant care of an attendant. Having been given some cake and milk for tea, he was left to himself, and was later found dying from the effects of choking. We cannot find that the attendant by whom he was deserted received any more punishment than an expression of the Coroner's disapproval. We could have devised one far more fitting.

Sent Out to Canada:—Some of the tragedies that result from the Government scheme to send ex-Service men to the Colonies are pitiful. A married ex-soldier was sent out to Canada by the authorities last June. He was promised work when he arrived, but instead of work he found himself stranded—and has remained so since. At home, his wife and young baby wait his return in vain. He has no means, and his letters home are heartbreaking. This is not the way to breed loyal citizens.

A Call to "Alms":—Field-Marshal Earl Haig, in wishing a Prosperous New Year to all ranks who served under him, took the opportunity of appealing for funds on behalf of ex-Service men and the widows and children of those who fell. He estimates the working year at 300 days; and all he asks of us is to give one day's income to the cause. A small repayment of our debt of gratitude, surely.

A Bit Thick:—Tommies in the East give us a curtain fire of letters complaining that they cannot get stamps—in which case their letters should be franked. They ask us if their unemployed friends at home should pay the excess postage. Certainly not; but we have a Postmaster-General who is quite capable of sneaking the pennies off the eyelids of dead bodies.

The Lower Deck Men:—Congratulations to the members of the Naval Lower Deck Committees. According to the last report, they have caused "my Lords" to think, and are winning all along the line.

German Wives in British Barracks:—We are still awaiting the promised explanation by the War Office of how it comes about that a number of German women who have married British soldiers are now located in army barracks—their presence being very strongly resented by the men who are brought in contact with them. Come, Sir Worthington, it's up to you!

A Voice from N.S.W.:—An ex-Serviceman settled in New South Wales begs us to warn his comrades in England to think twice before following his example. "Don't be fooled by the fairy tales they tell you," he says. "Don't let them ship you like cattle from your kith and kin, from friends, and the country that gave you birth." We endorse every word of this advice. England belongs to the men who fought for her, and here they have a right to remain.

"The Place Whence":—"You must apply for a house where you resided before the war" is all the satisfaction a first-class warrant officer (discharged) of 24 years' service gets when he applies in district after district round and about London for a dwelling—having been ejected from his quarters at Hounslow Barracks in consequence of demobilisation. The housing problem is difficult enough for civilians, but it seems to bear particularly harshly on such an ex-soldier as this.

Her Cross:—Applying to the Marylebone Borough Council for permission to place a wooden cross from France on her soldier son's grave at East Finchley Cemetery, a mother was refused on the ground that it would "establish a precedent." What if it did? The Cross at Calvary, if we remember rightly, was wooden.

Patriotic Sentiment Unwanted:—Messrs. Lewis and Jones, Limited, of Newbridge, Mon., need—or want—a Leyland lorry driver, and add the gratuitously insulting expression: "No Army-trained need apply." Time was when the lorries and skins of such cheap patriots were preserved only by "Army-trained" lads. And it would be a proper retort if local sentiment widely advertised that—whatever was required—"Lewis and Jones need not apply"!

When is a Soldier not a Soldier?—A man who served in the R.F.C. for fifteen months applied to the National Association for Employment of Ex-Soldiers to have his name placed on their books. In reply the "Capt., for Lieut.-Col., Sec.," informs him that, as he has not served for a minimum of two years, his claim cannot be entertained. What rot!

"Christians," Awake!:—We would ask the local managers of the Y.M.C.A. hostels to borrow, buy, beg or steal some of the milk of human kindness. We hear of so many soldiers and sailors on leave here who are stony broke. When the boys go to this Y.M.C.A. hostel or the other for a lodging, they are sometimes hoofed out to sleep on the Embankment or in an archway. "'Tommy this and Tommy that, and chuck him out, the brute."

A Way They Have:—Driver Sharman Morrison, R.F.A., Aldershot, stole a comrade's coat and was fined 21s., which his officer refused to pay, as "the prisoner was already heavily in debt, and was only being retained till he had worked it off"! This reprobate is therefore fed, clothed and housed, merely to entitle him to his pay, in order to stop it for debt! Only red tape idiotcy could be equal to this.

"What Shall It Profit a Man":—A disabled ex-soldier with three silver plates in his side, who has been out of work for months, won a £100 prize at a Camberwell whist-drive. Now he will be able to make a start in the world and, to provide goodly things for himself and those he loves. Yet there are people who would have him believe that he has won his good fortune at the risk of his soul. Chance it, sonny!

An Iniquitous Sentence:—An ex-soldier named William Morrell was discharged, after creditable service, suffering from consumption. He was granted a disability pension of 40s. a week for himself, and 29s. 6d. for his wife and three children. Last June his wife obtained a Separation Order against him, requiring him to pay her 10s. 6d. a week in addition to the pension receivable by her. The local Pensions Committee, as was their duty, thereupon reduced her pension to 14s. 9d. a week; upon which she took out a summons against her husband for arrears of payments under the Order. The Manchester City Police Magistrates must have had all the facts before them, yet they committed Morrell to prison for two months—and the Home Secretary confesses his inability to vary the sentence!

Our Daily "Thank You":—From C. R., Port Glasgow:—"I am delighted to inform you that I have now received my pension in full, and I beg to return you my sincere thanks for the splendid results you have obtained. In four weeks you have got for me what I was unable to obtain from other sources for the past two years. I return my heartfelt thanks to you for your invaluable assistance to me and mine."

Going! GOING!! G—

"John Bull's" Great New Year Gift of a 10/6 Pen FREE will be finally withdrawn in 10 days.

YOUR LAST CHANCE!

See Back Cover.

A New Year Resolution—"Write to JOHN BULL about it!"

You are welcome to 20 tests

The 10-Day Tube we offer will supply you 20 tests. Twenty times it will bring to you all these desired effects. The book we send will tell the reasons for them. Then you will realize what this method means to you and yours.

Send the coupon for it.

Nothing So Pretty

as beautiful teeth—Keep the film coats off

Millions of people have in late years learned the way to whiter teeth. If you don't know it, we urge you to try it. Send for a ten-day test.

When you see teeth that glisten—teeth you envy—this method is probably used. It combats the dingy film-coats as nothing else has done. It keeps teeth cleaner, whiter than before.

You also care for such things. Then make this test and see what quickly happens.

Why teeth grow dingy

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. You can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, despite your brushing, gets between the teeth and remains.

That film absorbs stains, so the teeth seem discoloured. Often it forms the basis of a fixed and cloudy coat. The ordinary tooth paste does not effectively combat it. So countless teeth brushed daily have their lustre dimmed by film.

Remove the film

Film is now regarded as a potential source of most tooth troubles. Under old methods of brushing, tooth troubles have been constantly increasing. Very few people escape them.

Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth and the acid may cause decay.

Dental science has long realized that something must be done. So diligent research has been made for effective film combatants.

New ways to combat it

Two efficient methods have been found. Able authorities have proved them by many careful tests. Now leading dentists everywhere advise their daily use.

The methods are combined in a scientific tooth paste, made to meet modern requirements. And millions of people have come to employ it, largely through dental advice.

The name of this tooth paste is Pepsodent. A 10-Day Tube is being sent to everyone who asks. So all who will may quickly know what this new method does.

What science requires

Modern dental science also requires other aids to Nature. The average diet, rich in starch, deficient in fruit acids, makes them necessary.

Pepsodent meets these requirements. It multiplies the salivary flow. That is Nature's great tooth-protecting agent.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise cling and form acid. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is to neutralize the acids as they form.

These natural forces are increased each time Pepsodent is used. And that alone, it is believed, means a new dental era.

Pepsodent does in these ways what nothing else has done. Old-time tooth pastes, based on soap and chalk, had just opposite effects. Compare results with the old results, and you will quickly realize what this new way means.

Children, above all

Children need Pepsodent even more than adults. Their teeth are easily affected by the film and starch. Few children avoid tooth troubles. Dentists advise that Pepsodent be used from the time the first tooth appears.

Men who smoke find that film-coats deeply stain. The use of Pepsodent therefore brings them most conspicuous results.

Pepsodent TRADE MARK

The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific film combatant, which meets in five ways modern dental requirements. Approved by authorities and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

Watch the effects

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Watch the other three effects. This test will be a revelation to you.

10-DAY TUBE FREE 637

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,

Dept. 176, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. 1.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to—

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Give full address. Write plainly
Only one tube to a family.

John Bull 7/1/22

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.*

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

Much to Do on Little:—A widow and her daughter are ill. The woman's only son is out of employment, and the weekly income is only 15s.

The Woman's Trouble:—Her husband is an ex-Tommy, who met with an accident and cannot work. Food was not in sight, and as rent was owing, the hungry landlord had threatened eviction.

His Agony:—Served abroad with the Army, now a mere discharged soldier out of work, without pension or dole. The little family was starving when a youngster died, and the dread was that of a pauper's funeral, which we prevented.

The Wife's Struggle:—Working for twelve hours a day, a woman earns 13s. 8d. a week, on which to keep herself, a workless husband, and two young children. They were under notice to quit when we were approached.

Distressed Old Age:—A man of 80 has a wife of 78, also two daughters, one of whom is ill and the other out of work. As there is no income, the family was in acute distress.

We Must Pull Together:—Nineteen-Twenty-One having finished its course, we must cast our eyes back for a moment over the twelve months and consider whether during that period our Fund has justified its existence. It most certainly has, as hundreds we have been able to help will testify. But this year we must make an even greater effort; and we rely upon our charitable readers to lend their aid.

TRIBULATIONS OF A MODERN JOB.

CRUEL CATALOGUE OF DOMESTIC DISTRESS.

The pertinacity with which misfortune, sickness and sorrow pursue some poor mortals might almost justify a belief in Fate and the Furies. Here is a story of an Islington ex-Service man—a tale so charged with misery and helplessness that it might conceivably provide a theme for a tragic poet. Godfrey Watts served in Egypt with the R.F.C., but for reasons not necessary to enter into here, does not enjoy a pension. He was discharged prior to the first of the recent big coal strikes, and since that time has not been able to do a full week's work. His poor wife, the mother of eight children, gave birth to twins a few days since, and is at present lying at death's door with pneumonia. The struggle to provide that hapless brace of infants with all their needs may be imagined by all who have a heart to feel. It was felt with particular poignancy during the recent "festive season," when all around the hapless parents were happy, feasting families celebrating the arrival of Yule,

AN AFFLICTED FAMILY.

The unhappy and distracted husband's eldest child is a girl of fourteen. His second girl, twelve years old, is slowly recovering from rheumatic fever. His eldest son, a lad of eleven, has an affected lung; and one little boy of three is in hospital with his mother's complaint, pneumonia. Unable to obtain help from other sources, this most miserable of fathers, who served his country in its hour of need, appealed to us for assistance, and we have aided him so far as our Fund will allow. We fear it would be only too easy to parallel this case. Do what we may, there remains a sense of helplessness in the face of such appalling misery. We know we shall not appeal in vain to our readers to lend a generous hand.

WITH MANY THANKS.

A. S. (Niagara Falls), 1 dollar; R. J. M. (Manchester), 5s.; A. T. (Milford), 2s.; Anon., 1s.; Mr. B. (Southampton), 2s.; A. S. W., 2s.; F. S. M. (Finsbury Park), 2s. 6d.; M. B. S. B., 3s.; "Corfu" (Hastings), 5s.; "A Poor Widow" (Eltham), 2s.; H. W. (Kentish Town), 5s.; B. B., 2s. 6d.; W. V. A. (Westcliff-on-Sea), 5s.; W. J. P. (Deal), £1; Mr. B. (Bristol), 3d.; M. L. (North Lambeth), £1; "Edie" (Kent), 2s.; R. S. B. (Malton), 5s.; "A Few Brookvale Sympathisers," 15s.; "1121" (Streatham), 10s.; "Miss Mystery" (Wakefield), 2s.; "No. 6210," 5s.; C. R., 1s.; L. J. M. (Crediton), 2s.; "A Wellwisher" (Shepherd's Bush), 3s.; C. E. D. (Bitterne), 4s. 6d.; "Xmas," 5s.; E. W. T. (Shetland), 4s.; J. M. (Whitstable), 2s. 6d.; "Widow's Mite" (Leicester), 2s.; A. M. R. (Bury St. Edmunds), 2s.; R. M. L. I., 9s.; R. E. (Liverpool), 5s.; "Horseshoe," £2 10s.; "Old Bins," 10s.; E. S. (Thornton Heath), 5s.; E. H., 2s. 6d.; R. H. M. (Coventry), 1s.; C. E. G. (Edmonton), 1s.; H. B. (Woking), 10s.; "Nanna" (Portsmouth), 2s. 6d. and parcel; E. D. (Wimbledon), 2s.; J. H. P., 10s.; L. A. (Royston), 2s.; "In Loving Memory of Our Dear Son Tom," 2s.; E. P. (Leicester), 7s. 6d.; "A Cheerful Giver" (Manchester), 2s. 6d. and parcel; "Clifford," 2s. 6d.; "Esperanto" (Barrow-in-Furness), 5s.; "Ex-Grenadier" (Bulwell), 3s.; "Detur Dignior," 2s.; Pte. A. B. (Chatham), 2s. 6d.; F. J. S. (Westham), 10s.; W. J. A., 2s.; F. H. W. (Yeovil), 4s.; F. H. B. (Guildford), 3s.; "Tom," 1s.; Anon. (Plaistow), 3s.; G. T. (Birmingham), 5s.; F. A. W., 6d.; "Elana," £1; G. E., 1s.; G. S. (Lewdown), 1s.; A. K., 2s. 6d. and parcel; "A Wellwisher" (Preston), 2s. 6d.; H. H. (Swanborough), 2s. 6d.; C. J. W., 2s. 6d.; "Aubrey" (Tottenham), 1s.; M. F. B., 3s.; "Grannie" (Southampton), 2s. 6d.; "Gwen Plymouth" (S. Tottenham), 10s.; "W.," £1; "Ex-Land Worker," 1s. 6d. and parcel; "Four Sisters" (Surrey), 2s.; H. E. K. (Lewisham), 5s.; "Ex-Tommy," 5s.; N. G. C., 1s.; "Sympathiser" (Chiswick), 5s.; "Hard Up," 3d.; J. H. J. (Paisley), 1s.; "Jo," 2s. 6d.; "We Two" (West Ham), 5s.; "A Crook Widow," 10s.; "Laurie," £2; Mrs. D. and Mrs. G. (Arbroath), 2s. 6d. and parcel; "Two Little Readers," 9s.; Mrs. H. E. P. (Walthamstow), 5s.; P. O'C. (Bermondsey), 1s.; R. E. (Norfolk), 1s.; S. E. N. (Natal), 4s. 6d.; Anon. (Dalston), £1; "Mother of Nine," 5s.; Anon. (Newcastle-on-Tyne), 1s. 2d.; Mrs. J. (Manchester), 5s.; "A Bullet Tryer" (Milford), 2s.; J. P. (Thornton Heath), 5s.; L. F. T. (Cheltenham), 2s. 6d.; S. G., 2s.; "Teddy" (Gibraltar), 2s. 6d.; E. W. P. (Alum Rock), £1; C. J. A. (Penzance), £1; J. H. (Sierra Leone), £1 1s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; "Trustful," £1; "Mary" (Coventry), 5s.; "Dianor," 1s. Mrs. M. H. L. (Carlisle), 2s.; "Faithful," 3s. 6d.; Mrs. A. H. (Woking), 5s.; E. A. J. (Chipping Norton), 1s.; A. G. (Greenock), 10d.; T. B. H. (Wolverhampton), 2s. 6d.; R. H. (Auchinblae), 2s.; "In Loving Memory of Our Dear Son, G. M.," 2s. 6d.; "Mill" (Wavertree), 5s.; "F.," 2s.; A. H., 2s.; A. D. T. (Winchmore Hill), 5s.; C. S. K. (Leicester), 2s. 6d.; B. F. (High Barnet), 5s.; E. D. (Bournemouth), 5s.; "A Catholic Reader" (Stoke Newington), 2s. 6d.; "Whiskers," 2s. 6d.; O. W., 1s.; "In Memory of Tom," 2s.; "Constant Readers" (Chichester), 10s.; M. H. W. (Cornwall), 2s. 6d.; "In Memory of a Little Lad," 2s.; F. A. (Bristol), 1s.; A. C. (Doncaster), 5s.; "In Memoriam, M. M. H.," 10s.; F. H. B. (Guildford), 5s.; B. & S. (Wavertree), 10s.; "Unsuccessful Competitor" (Edmonton), 7s. 6d.; "Freda," 5s.; E. H. K. (Haxby), 5s.; C. P. O'B., 5s.; Mrs. E. A. S. (Grantham), 5s.; F. H. G. (Deptford Park), 5s.; "Trix," 5s.; "Poor Grimbarian," 5s.; R. M. (Chalfey), 5s.; E. J. B. (Haddiscoe), 2s. 6d.; "A Working Man" (Middlesbrough), £1; Mrs. A. T., 2s. 6d.; M. G., 5s.

IS YOUR GIFT HERE?

BESTIAL BOARDING HOUSES.

SAD SLUR ON GALLANT LITTLE WALES.

In Cardiff foreign boarding houses are as thick as thieves. Mainly run by "niggers" who indulge in robbery, debauchery and immorality, they constitute a canker which eats into the heart of the dock district, and a menace not only to the sailors but the young women of Wales, who are lured thither as servants only to realise when too late that they are "white slaves." Startling revelations to this effect were recently made by the police to the Cardiff Health Committee at a meeting to hear applications for licences. The real bombshell came, however, when Councillor J. Trott gave vent to a dramatic outburst. "We ought to see that these houses are run on straight lines," he said. "For God's sake, don't let these men go on debauching our children. These niggers are undesirable as boarding-house keepers. Don't let them do any more harm than they have done. I would rather be shot to-morrow than grant them any more licences." This bolt from the blue had its effect. The Committee, suddenly awakened to a sense of their responsibilities, did what they ought to have done long ago—put their foot down on all doubtful applicants. We hope this is the beginning of the end of a scandal which has existed far too long. The sooner these nigger-controlled boarding houses are swept away, the better not only for Cardiff but for gallant little Wales. And while the Augean stable there is being purified let us not forget that similar deplorable dens are to be found in England—particularly in the East End of London and in Liverpool. Nothing but concerted action on the part of the authorities all over the kingdom will suffice to sweep away these hotbeds.

POISON 'EM.

GUARDIAN'S DANGEROUS ACT LIGHTLY TREATED.

That Mrs. Phoebe Cruttenden of 15, Wellington Road, Hastings, is a member of the Board of Guardians—and, in the words of a local reporter, "a well-known public worker"—does not by any means excuse the foolish and dangerous method she recently adopted when suffering from a grievance. A neighbour kept some fowls on an adjoining plot, and apparently an agreement had been arrived at that no cockerels should be included. But the owner of the fowls—either in forgetfulness of the compact, or perhaps in sheer cussedness—introduced into his flock some male birds, whose lung power and industrious practice of song certainly rendered them liable to be termed an annoyance or a nuisance. Mr. Banks, the owner of these noisy creatures, when remonstrated with, coolly replied that "they did not disturb him"—which may very well have been the case, as he lived at a greater distance from the pens than Mrs. Cruttenden. As the latter's daughter was studying for an examination, and at one period her husband was seriously ill, it was certainly intolerable that the crowing nuisance should not be abated. But there is a proper procedure to be followed, and without doubt an application to the local Bench would have sufficed. Instead of taking this orthodox step, however, the lady treated some food with vermin poison and flung it to the offending fowls, several of which partook of the meal with fatal results. Mrs. Cruttenden's criminal carelessness in scattering virulent poisons about, should have been severely dealt with, and the lady ought to be thankful that she was let off with payment of costs and reimbursement of the owner's loss.

BLINDMAN'S BLUFF.

LITTLE GAME WHICH MAY BE A TRAGEDY.

Surely only in the "Circumlocution Office" of comic tradition—or in the British War Office—could such a thing happen as that of which Captain William Stewart has been the hero, and very nearly the victim! He returned from France in May, 1919, having served throughout the War. Posted to Shoreham, he remained there until the following July, when he received orders to remove to London. His letter of report was duly dispatched as required by Regulations, but no acknowledgment was received. In the casual fashion which appears to prevail in official circles, he dug in at the Duke of York's School, "squaring off accounts" until May, 1920. From then on, with no duty allocated and no instructions, he could only "wait and see." This period of Micawberism lasted till the ensuing October. Then he was suddenly summoned to the Assistant Provost Marshal's Office, a department dealing with the public conduct (and generally the delinquencies) of commissioned officers. There he was informed that "officially" he was "lost." But the cream of this pawky humour is a claim from the War Office to a refund of the pay and allowances received by him during the period when he was officially non-existent! Now, had this officer demobbed himself, and gone about his lawful occasions, he would have been a deserter or an unlawful absentee, and liable to arrest, court-martial and punishment. But apparently somebody was cognisant of his actual if not official existence, because he was officially employed and naturally on the strength and pay of some unit. Isn't it time that the War Office counted noses, to ascertain the number of its staff?

Anything wrong in your neighbourhood? "Write to JOHN BULL about it!"

No matter how Tall, or how Big, you will benefit by the Woollen Mills' Great Sacrifice.

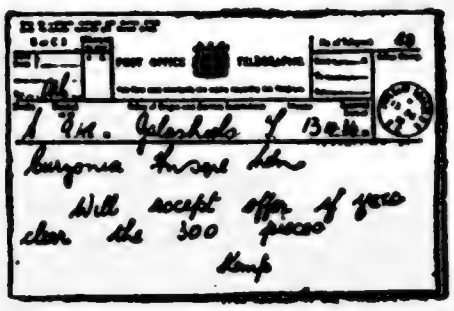
14 DAYS ONLY

As will be seen from the telegram, reproduced below, we have been fortunate in securing, **much below replacement cost**, some thousands of yards of splendid quality Suitings, that we have decided to clear at prices to which there has been no parallel for 7 years past, taking into account the quality of the cloths offered. The manufacturers were determined to clear their stocks before the New Year and we were able to secure some extraordinary bargain values, which we are passing on to our customers.

We have divided the cloths into three categories, and a close perusal of these offers will convince even the most sceptical that at least our offer merits investigation.

The keenest bargain hunters are invited to investigate this offer at OUR expense.

Judge and compare for yourselves by sending for **FREE SAMPLES** of the various cloths, and if you are not of opinion that this surpasses the Greatest Tailoring-to-Measure offer that you have had placed before you since 1914, return the patterns and the literature, etc., sent you within 7 days, **and we will refund you 6d.** to compensate you for any trouble you may have had in the matter. Can anything be fairer or more convincing of the genuineness of our Sale?



CURZONS' 1922 Sale Prices £2 £3 £4 — 1921 £5 £6 £7 — 1920 £8 £9 £10 — 1919 £10 £11 £12

£2 Suits (Average value £3 10 0). Cloths included in this range — **Pure All-Wool Blue Serge, All-Wool Tweeds, Black and Blue Vicunas, Grey and Brown Fancy Tweeds, and Glen Checks.**

£3 Suits (Average value £4 15 0). This range includes— **Indigo Dyed All-Wool Blue Serges, All-Wool Grey Cheviots, All-Wool Pure Scotch Tweeds, Donegal Tweeds, Grey Pinheads and Fancy Worsteds.**

£4 Suits (Average value £6 6 0). Cloths in this range include—**Pure Indigo Dyed Botany All-Wool Blue Serges, All-Wool Donegal Tweeds, Super All-Wool Saxony Glen Checks, Black and Blue Fancy Stripes, Fancy Worsteds and Best Yorkshire Tweeds.**

The Fit, Style and Quality of the Fabrics are Assured by the fact that Curzon Bros., Ltd., IS THE ONLY FIRM OF TAILORS IN THE KINGDOM Awarded 4 Gold Medals for Tailoring Excellence and Value.

OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO TALL & BIG MEN

During this Sale we are charging no extras whatever, **either for style or size**, so that abnormally-sized men will benefit two-fold. No matter how tall or how big you are (**the bigger the better**—as we are adepts at fitting Herculean figures), you will not have to pay 1d. over and above the fixed prices.

The Advantage of Placing Orders Early.

In addition to getting the first choice from the **full selection** of materials (that is, before some of them get snapped up) there is the further advantage of having, at the present time, your order carefully tailored and fashioned, in our own Workrooms—as compared with delivery in the Spring, when everyone is pressing for his order, and goods are being rushed through.

From 10 to 14 days are required for execution of Orders.

You run no risk whatever, our well-known guarantee to refund you your purchase money holding good in the event of our clothes not giving you every satisfaction.

Free Patterns.

To those unable to call, Free Patterns with easy Self-measure Form, will be sent if the Coupon at foot of this announcement is filled in and posted.

By means of our self-measure form you can be measured in your own home and a perfect fit is assured under our guarantee.

For Patterns and Postal Business write only to—

CURZON BROS., LTD., The World's Measure Tailors (Dept. J.B.), 60 & 62, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1

Head Office Dept: 60 and 62, City Road, London, E.C.

West End: *107, Strand, W.C. 158, Strand, W.C. 112, New Oxford Street, W.C. 28 and 29, Chancery Lane, W.C. 58, Southampton Row, W.C. *13, Old Compton Street, W. **Deptford:** *Cheeham House, Broadway. **Woolwich:** *58, Powis Street, and *43, Hare St. **Forest Gate:** *99, Woodgrange Road. **Shoreditch:** *185 and 187, Old Street, E.C. **Euston:** *13, Hampstead Road. **Poplar:** *269, East India Dock Road. **Finchley:** *13, King's Parade, Church End. **Kingston-on-Thames:** *27, Market Place.

City: *34, Liverpool Street, E.C. 103, Finsbury Pavement, E.C. 16, Ludgate Hill, E.C. 16, The Arcade, Liverpool Street Station (Met.), E.C. 76, Aldersgate Street, E.C. 115, Fleet Street, E.C. **Richmond & Twickenham:** *354, Richmond Road (near Richmond Bridge). **Sutton (Surrey):** *109, High Street. **Grays (Essex):** *71-73, High Street. **Southend-on-Sea:** *38, High Street. **Westcliff-on-Sea:** *Hamlet Court Road. **Coventry:** *High Street (adjoining Lloyds Bank).

Those starred (*) are open until 8 p.m. or 9 p.m. on Saturdays. The others close early on Saturdays, but are open until late other days.

USE THIS COUPON.

To CURZON Bros., Ltd. (The World's Measure Tailors), 60 & 62, City Road, London, E.C.1.

CUT HERE

Please send me free of all charge the patterns of suitings as above described, together with self-measure form, fashion book, etc.

This entails no obligation on me, but if I do order, it is on your guarantee and conditions in your advertisement.

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Please write clearly.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies should be forwarded in the first instance. For a reply by post on personal subjects, a twopenny stamped envelope must be enclosed.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL *or* LEGAL *enquiries should be addressed to the Financial or Legal Editor, and must be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other enquiries. Full name and address should be given.*

THE EDITOR thanks the many correspondents who have sent him their expressions of goodwill, and in return wishes every reader A Bright and Prosperous New Year. If trouble does come along, "Write to JOHN BULL about it," is the cordial invitation to all.

"WELL WISHER" (Harrow).—Thanks for the pretty New Year card, which, as you tell us, is "sent in all sincerity." We should have been very hurt if you had forgotten us.

"PROMPTER."—"I hope your staff enjoyed a merry Christmas." They did, no doubt, although to look at their faces when they returned, you'd have thought they had spent all their time at a prayer meeting.

A. H. (Rotherham).—You may take it from us that "the old fighting style" will never be missing from the columns of JOHN BULL. Watch us!

R. R. (Watford).—We do not quite gather what you objected to in our recent article, "The Truth about the Traitor Baronet." Perhaps in future we had better have a little preliminary chat with you before we put pen to paper.

"FAIR PLAY" (Swansea).—"You have always stuck up for what is bright and fair." And intend to do so as long as we can stick up at all.

MR. AND MRS. S. (Chiswick, W.).—We much appreciated your letter of encouragement, especially the drawing of a black cat "for luck." Between ourselves, we were quite wild with our lady typist, who mistook it for a pig.

A. L. S. (Hampton Hill).—"I should think every worker would thank you for your article on the Poor Law." Strangely enough, there were several who didn't.

C. R. (Fulham, S.W.).—So you think we "exactly voice the sentiments of the Man in the Street, unbiased by anything except patriotism." If you mean that we are prejudiced in favour of our own country, you are not far wrong.

MRS. S. M. R. (Taunton).—If, as you say, you are "not challenging our veracity," it is not polite to begin with "If a half of the news you give us is true." More tact, dear lady!

"OPTICIAN" (Liverpool).—"You cannot go too strong on the worn-out horse traffic." As long as we don't break a blood vessel.

O. H. S. (Glasgow).—Thanks for submitting revised version of our famous couplet, "Politics without Party," etc. We haven't more than a glimmering notion of what our office boy means when he says that you "'aven't 'arf mucked it up."

C. R. B. (Berkeley Square, W.).—"We have been through the War era, followed by the Peace era, and now we are going through the Deval-era." If that had been original we should have said you were a smart chap.

R. W. F. A. (Tewkesbury).—The excuse of "extra pressure" seems to cover all neglect of the railway companies at Christmas time. Try and forget it.

"NIL DESPERANDUM" (South Wilts).—"I always enjoy your paper so much, especially the Letter Bag." No odds to us, sonny, if you gobble the lot at a gulp.

R. M. (Auld Reekie).—We note your views as to the "true Christian revival wanted." The hell fire mixture which has been prominent lately is certainly not to our taste.

A. C. P. (Luton).—We do not like your verses on the fraud of Party politics, possibly because we lack the poetic sense.

E. O. P. (Westcliff).—"May fortune unfold for you her rarest treasures." Same to you, with knobs on.

C. A. (Portsmouth).—"Right will always triumph over the most difficult obstacles." We must add that to our reserve list of mottoes.

"ESPERANTO" (Barrow).—So you think highly of the possibilities of Esperanto as an international language. Can one swear in it?

THE BLACK AND TANS at the R.I.C. Depot, Phœnix Park, Dublin, send us a group photograph as a New Year card. The best we can wish them is that they may never be "in action" again on British soil.

"STUDENT" (Leicester).—It is surprising that so devout a person as yourself should run down the race to which the Founder of the Christian religion belonged. Besides, there's no sense in it.

"CONSTANT READER."—"Come let us adore you with best wishes for the coming year." Not a bad idea, if you really mean it.

E. A. M. (Lichfield).—Glad you think so highly of us. If we may say so in all modesty, you are on a winner.

"TAXPAYER."—We entirely sympathise with your complaint over the "delay and lassitude of the officials at Somerset House." Our experience is that some of them positively resent being woke up at all.

"PUSSYFOOT." (U.S.A.).—We note that, being a teetotaler, you are entirely satisfied with Prohibition. Probably you'd howl like a scalded cat if they put the lid on the teapot.

"POOR GENTLEWOMAN" (Bristol).—Trust you have now recovered from your "bronchial attack." You shouldn't kiss the cat.

"TAR JOHN."—So you think if we visited a certain thoroughfare in Hammersmith we should "take a *broad* view of the subject all the *way* round." Afraid you're a saucy lad.

MRS. G. D. (Walsall).—We asked you to give us the gist of your complaint in a few lines, and now you write us six pages of foolscap to explain that "that was exactly what you did." Really, madam, really!

D. M. (Edinburgh).—"I am always interested in topics of interest." That, if we may say so, is not a rare idiosyncrasy.

"ADMIRER" (Montrose).—Thanks for the sprig of white heather "for luck." It was real nice of you to send it.

"READER OF 'J.B.'" (Salisbury).—We have no more earnest wish than to unite our readers to ourselves in bonds of friendship. So if anything is wrong, let us know.

MRS. W. (Hull).—So you think we shall "see another Oliver Cromwell yet," but "at present he is in a back seat." In this office, do you think?

F. G. A. (Stratford-on-Avon).—We have not been greatly interested in the discussion as to whether people can cough after they are dead, although it is doubtless true, as you point out, that they may have "a *coffin* fit."

"OLD READERS" (France).—"You ought to see the back numbers of JOHN BULL in our cupboard." Perhaps if we behave ourselves you will consider putting them in the drawing room under a glass case.

V. G. L. (Windsor).—So glad that after all you did not overlook our "Greatest of These——" Fund. We can well believe that you "enjoyed" giving.

MRS. M. A. S. (Lewes).—"Three cheers for JOHN BULL with its pages packed full." Stop there, for fear you spoil yourself.

C. N. (Aberdeen).—The answer to the riddle about the man who looks at a photograph and says, "Sisters and brothers I have none, But that man's father is my father's son," is that he is looking at a portrait of his son. Think it out between now and next Christmas.

W. W. (Sandy).—Your home-made Christmas card for "the Editor and the artists" has only just come to hand. The rest of the staff present their compliments and trust that next time you will have the goodness not to forget them.

MRS. H. T. (Blandford).—Sorry to hear of your New Year troubles. Is there any way in which we could help to lighten them?

E. S. (Margate).—We like the verse beginning "Broad based upon her people's will, Stands England's throne unshaken still." And it says much for your honesty that you did not pretend to have written it yourself.

I. H. (Saltburn-by-Sea) is a twelve-year-old girl who wants to give her parents a present but has only two shillings to spend. What about a 12 weeks' subscription to JOHN BULL?

F. L. L. (Abingdon).—Afraid it is not within our power entirely to alleviate the lot of "the lonely women of England." But we do our best.

CORPL. H. S. E. (Bristol).—We have already argued that those who served as Volunteers during the war should have received a medal. And what we have said we have said, and would not unsay for a peerage.

J. H. (No Address).—"It seems that boys more than girls sow their wild oats." Yet almost every day someone writes to tell us of the wickedness of the modern girl.

"PTE. TOMMY (Ireland).—Shocked to hear that at your recent regimental ball "half the ladies present were violent Sinn Feiners." They ought to have been smacked on the spot.

G. C. (Birmingham).—"I have always had a certain amount of respect for the Prince of Wales." It's an awful pity he can't be made aware of it.

"LYNX" (Chatham).—The list of things you want us to "watch" at Chatham threatens an awful strain on our eyesight. Still, we'll send down a peeper.

"DAIRYMAN" (Norfolk).—"The JOHN BULL Pen my son had three years ago is just as good as ever." We are as surprised to hear that as if you had said that St. Paul's Cathedral still stands at the top of Ludgate Hill.

"COCKNEY" (Leatherhead).—We note that you were "born in Lime Street." Indoors, we hope.

"LIGHT BLUE."—"I consider Scotsmen are the finest football players on earth." Then we will lay even odds you're not an Englishman.

A. D. (London, S.W.).—As we have already said, it seems a monstrous thing to send a mother to prison with her baby. It will be one of our principal aims to bring about a more humane administration of the law.

"WHY" (Bedford).—"If I go on any longer the Editor will be tired like a cart-wheel." At present, however, he's wonderfully fresh.

J. McC. (Lisburne).—Admittedly the Government has made mistakes, but you have no right to say that "the name of England stinks in the nostrils of all decent people." They haven't all got your nose.

R. G. R. (Stourbridge).—If, as you tell us, "the flesh of your head is lifted up and down by mental effort," you should wear a large hat and let us do your thinking.

Q. B. (Birmingham).—The Bishopsgate Trading Co. are at their old games, and if you have been caught by them you are paying the penalty of not reading JOHN BULL.

"HARRIET" (Fulham).—Evidently you are not very happy in domestic service. Our compliments to your missus, and if she can contrive to be civil we shall think a lot more of her.

F. J. (Eccles).—The "enclosed banknote" you speak of did not arrive. Did you decide to buy beer with it?

M. H. A. (Norwich).—"I have got a household motto: 'If you want to know, ask JOHN BULL.'" Jolly sound, and sounds jolly.

"HUGO TUCK" (New South Wales).—"Thought you would like to know that Mr. Wilson got run in last Saturday." Tickled to death, but in point of fact he didn't owe us anything.

C. H. P. (Stepney).—We agree that many applicants for situations with responsible firms are treated with gross incivility. Hope your luck has turned by now.

"X. Y. Z." (Paignton).—We do not go as far as Miss Margaret Bondfield, who states that "Mr. Lloyd George knows what is right and deliberately says what is wrong." However, we think he's a bit absent-minded at times.

"SERGEANT" (Droitwich).—Wish we could tell you who writes our "Saints and Sinners" page, but the gentleman is so modest he would resign in a body if we did.

K. G. (Bloomsbury, W.C.).—Not a bad motto that of yours, that a man should "fire up when he is wronged and shut up when he is wrong." Did you pick it out of your head?

J. J. (Ealing, W.).—Fancy 40s. for being drunk when you weren't even merry. That's the worst of tight boots.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

CLARNICO

CLARNICO RIDDLES, No. 2.

Why are Clarnico Caramels like a popular catch-phrase?

BECAUSE THEY'RE IN EVERYBODY'S MOUTH

And no wonder, because there is nothing nicer known. If you don't know this, prove it. Buy some to-day!

Clarnico Cream Caramels.
Clarnico Lily Caramels (with almonds).
Clarnico Chocolate-Lily Caramels.

Sold in small boxes, avoiding exposure and handling; also loose by weight.

CLARKE, NICKOLLS & COOMBS, LTD., Victoria Park, London.

CLARNICO

Coughs & Colds *must* yield to Hall's Wine

The most stubborn cough or cold is quickly relieved by Hall's Wine, but don't wait until you have got a cold, take Hall's Wine now. As a safeguard against treacherous weather dangers, its value has been proved beyond dispute.

Hall's Wine

THE SUPREME RESTORATIVE

Read the following extracts from testimonials received in praise of Hall's Wine:

"I had a severe cold one evening, but after taking Hall's Wine in hot water, I was well in the morning." "Hall's Wine has done me more good than all the tonics and stimulants prescribed for me."

Buy a Bottle to-day!

Large Size, 6/- **Smaller Size, 3/3**

Of all Wine Merchants and Grocers and Chemists with Wine Licences.

Stephen Smith & Co., Ltd., Bow, London, E.3

195

MEDICATED SMOKE DRIVES OUT CATARRH.

Try this Pleasant Herb Smoke.

Eight Cigarettes Sent Free.

Dr. Blosser, who has devoted over forty years to the treatment of Catarrh, is the originator of a certain combination of medical herbs, flowers and berries to be smoked in a pipe or ready prepared cigarette. The smoke-vapour reaches all the air passages of the head, nose and throat. As the disease is carried into these passages with the air you breathe, so the antiseptic, healing vapour of this Remedy is carried with the breath directly to the affected parts.

This simple, practical method applies the medicine where sprays, douches, ointments, etc., cannot possibly go. Its effect is soothing and healing, and is entirely harmless, containing no tobacco or habit-forming drugs. It is pleasant to use, and not sickening to those who have never smoked. No matter how severe or long standing your case may be, we want to show you what our Remedy will do.

To prove the beneficial, pleasant effect, Dr. Blosser, Ltd. (Dept. 121 P), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4, will post absolutely free to any sufferer, a sample that will verify their claims by actual test. This free package contains eight of our medical cigarettes. If you wish to continue the treatment, it will cost only 5s. 6d. for about a month's supply containing one hundred cigarettes.

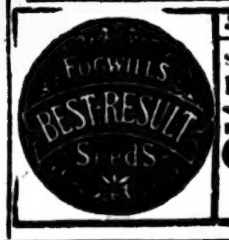
If you are a sufferer from Catarrh, Asthma or other Catarrhal complications, or if subject to frequent colds, send your name and address at once by postal card or letter for the free package, and a copy of our illustrated booklet. Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy is on sale at Boots', Taylor's, and other chemists.

TÉCLA PEARLS

and Oriental Pearls are so indistinguishably alike that it keeps us busy protesting that their origin is different.

Técla

7 Old Bond Street, London



Super-tested Seeds. Seeds

Send now for Catalogue of **FOGWILL'S** SUPER-TESTED SEEDS AND PARTICULARS OF NOVEL **Competition**

Fogwill's Seed House, Guildford, Surrey

SEEDS

She flung him into prison for saving her life.

Swore away his liberty because he pulled her from the jaws of death. Sounds "just like a woman," doesn't it? But read "POLICE!—WITH THANKS," by WILL SCOTT, before you jump to conclusions about paradoxes in petticoats. It's a great story

This story alone is worth the shilling charged for the January "PAN" and there are 14 others of equal excellence.

Just Out—Look for this Cover on the Bookstalls.

£100 for helping to edit "PAN."

"PAN" is offering its readers the following prizes this month for the best 200-word criticism of the worst story:

First Prize - £100
Second Prize £10
20 Prizes of £1 each.
50 6s. novels.

Who is Will Scott?

Already many people who pride themselves upon being good judges of fiction are asking "Have you read Will Scott's latest?"

Will Scott is a "PAN" discovery. His first serious effort at fiction appeared in "PAN" in October, 1920.

Whether Will Scott writes of an Eastern temple or an East End tramp, he handles his subject with delightful originality and an irresistible charm.

Will Scott is a name to talk about. In a few years' time it may be one to conjure with.

If it's only for the Will Scott story in the January "PAN" get a copy to-day.

To Authors

PAN is in the market—always for short stories of from 1,500 to 5,000 words in length. Big names do not influence us. All writers receive prompt and courteous consideration.

PAN

THE FICTION MAGAZINE.

15 Stories for 1/- *Get the January Number To-Day.*

Proprietors: ODHAMS PRESS Ltd.

2ND PRIZE £20

10 Prizes of £5

10 Prizes of £2-10/-

25 Prizes of 10/-

"BULLETS"

£250

FIRST PRIZE

2,000 Popular Novels

3RD PRIZE £10

100 Prizes of 5/-

500 Prizes of 2/6

2,000 "TARGET" PRIZES

NEXT WEEK "BULLETS" FIRST PRIZE WILL BE INCREASED TO £1,000.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the Thirty-two examples given below. Then give TWO, THREE or FOUR words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any ONE of the words selected must begin with any letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. This example will guide you: Example:—FAIR FIGHT. Bullet:—FOR SEAT IN PARLIAMENT. Competitors may send in two BULLETS for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 435.

KEEPING A DIARY	UNPAID	PRINCIPAL BOY	MONEY MATTERS
WHERE HONOUR IS DUE	WORSE LUCK	ALWAYS WITH US	RIDICULOUS
WHAT FLAPPER EXPECTS	NEXT PLEASE	FINDING HIS FEET	CARRIED TOO FAR
LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT	A WISE WIFE	NECK OR NOTHING	WINNING PREMIER
PLEASING THE PUBLIC	SINKING	GROWING WEAKER	OUT OF COLLAR
PANTOMIME JOKE	AT IT AGAIN	RAISING THE RENT	FALSE ECONOMY
THE WRONG GAME	TORN UP	SAME OLD STORY	CUT AND DRIED
WHEN WORM TURNS	HIT OR MISS	BADLY PAINTED	PLUCKY CHAP

Closing Date, Thursday, January 12th.

No._____

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(435) P.O.No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed_____

Address_____

☞ If unable to secure extra coupons you can write your "Bullets" on plain paper.

Closing Date, Thursday, January 12th.

No._____

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(435) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed_____

Address_____

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets" No. 435, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Closing Date, Thursday, January 12th.

No._____

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(435) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed_____

Address_____

Closing Date, Thursday, January 12th.

No._____

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(435) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed_____

Address_____

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 436.

OUR GOVERNMENT—MISSING THE GOAL—PRINCIPAL GIRL—WE ALL FANCY—GOING TO POT—AWAY FROM HOME—WHY NOT—WON BY HEAD—CONTENTED MAN—IN THE WORKSHOP—NOBODY'S CHILD—WHEN DREAM COMES TRUE—LAST TO GO—GAME FOR TWO—IN A FEW WORDS—A RAPID RISE—ECONOMY STUNT—WHEN FLAPPER MARRIES—MUST BE WON—LANDING THE PRIZE.

These examples can be made use of on Coupons above and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, JANUARY 26th.** All Coupons so used **MUST** be marked clearly with the number 436 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 436, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Thirty-two Examples for Competition No. 435.

List of Ten-Shilling Prizewinners in "Bullets" Competition No. 432 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prizewinners can be seen at the offices of "JOHN BULL."

Result of 432nd 'Bullets' Competition

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,000:

Mr. E. KNOX,
Bute Docks Co., Pier Head, Cardiff.

Example:—A PANTOMIME.
Bullet:—TO "RUN" WANTS "LEGS."

SECOND PRIZE OF £500:

Mr. R. A. CURTIS,
67, Manor Road, Enfield.

Example:—WHEN CHRISTMAS COMES.
Bullet:—POLITENESS *DOES* COST SOMETHING.

THIRD PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. ERNEST HEATHCOTE,
32, Brunswick Square, Camberwell, London, S.E.

Example:—CUPID'S DART.
Bullet:—"POINTED ATTENTION" WOMAN WELCOMES.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

Mr. W. SLATER ORD, 22, Marion Street, Sunderland: THE GOVERNMENT MUST—RESEMBLES BRIDE'S "I WILL."

Mr. W. H. NEWMAN, 99, Hanover Terrace, Brighton: MAKES CAT LAUGH—"BEWARE OF STRONG DRINK."

Mr. F. MACLEOD, 15, Golden Square, Aberdeen: A LONG FACE—PADDY'S—STUDYING FIRST BUDGET.

Miss N. BROOK, 11, St. Paul's Road, Withington, M/c.: THE EASIEST WAY—PUBLIC SELDOM "LIE DOWN."

Mr. G. H. ALLEN, 3, Killiney Terrace, Sandycove, Co. Dublin: TIED UP—DOESN'T PREVENT "LITTLE FLUTTER."

Mr. N. CALDER, 192, Ribblesdale Road, Streatham: LADY FOOTBALLER—SPECTATORS ENJOY "EXTRA TIME."

Mr. W. CARVEL, Jnr., Brook House, Drayton, Tamworth, Staffs: WAITS—ABILITY, INFLUENCE GOES INSIDE.

Miss BROOKE, 65, Winifred Road, Stockport: A PANTOMIME—FAIRY, ERIC—DEMON, WASTE. (Sent in on free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Miss C. BLACK, 33, Carnot St., Leeman Rd., York: ONLY PRETENDING—LOVING NEIGHBOURS IN EUROPE. (Sent in on free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mr. F. G. STUBBINS, 351, Farebrother Street, Grimsby: SEEING THE SIGHTS—CROOK SEEMS BUT ISN'T.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

Mr. H. G. THOMAS, "Glencoe," James Street, Llanelly: PROMISE AND PERFORMANCE—ONE'S POLITICS, OTHER'S BUSINESS.

Mr. A. B. COX, Redleaf, Slough Road, Datchet, Bucks: FILLING THE CRADLE—WITH WEAKLINGS—FOOD SUBSTITUTES.

Mr. J. C. MORISON, 6, Albert Studios, Albert Bridge Road, Battersea: ON TOAST—TRIDENT WOULD BE USELESS.

Mrs. LOUISA MARSHALL, 15, Hayward Avenue, Strood: AT WASHINGTON—WORLD POLICE RECRUITING STATION.

Mr. W. A. HIGGINS, 3, Artesian Road, Bayswater, W.2: WELL KEPT SECRET—NOT WHAT FILM COSTS.

Mrs. C. G. BILLINGS, c.o. 38, Addison Road, Brighton: ROOM FOR TWO—ROWBOATS—NEXT NAVAL BASIN.

Mr. R. J. THOMAS, Little Bangestow, near Pembroke, South Wales: THE LATEST CUT—HOPE ENGLAND ISN'T INJURED.

Mr. G. F. WEYMAN, 28, Charles Street, St. James, Bristol: GOOD FEW—MISTAKE HUSTLE FOR ABILITY.

Mr. C. HUNT, 6, Rectory Road, Cardiff: WAITS—OMINOUS TO NERVOUS HOSTESS.

Mr. H. WILLIAMS, 27, Estcourt Road, Fulham, S.W.6: VANISHING TRICK—IRISH EVIL—KING'S TOUCH.

BULLETS RULES

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.
5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

WHY PAY FIRE INSURANCE PREMIUMS ?

THE

JOHN BULL

GREAT FREE FIRE INSURANCE

COVERING ALL RISKS BY FIRE TO HOME, LIFE & LIMB.

UNDER this most unique FREE INSURANCE OFFER anyone above the age of 10 can be insured irrespective of sex. The premium charged by any Fire and Accident Insurance Company to secure similar benefits would certainly exceed 5s. per annum. We offer it to you absolutely free.

A separate coupon must be filled up in respect to each person to be insured.

This offer applies only to persons residing in, and property situated in, England, Scotland and Wales.

The full conditions governing this scheme will be published from time to time.

WHAT WE WILL PAY:

For Damage to contents of Home by Fire up to	£200
In case of Death directly due to Fire of Registered Reader's Home	£200
For the Loss of Two Limbs or Both Eyes or One Limb and One Eye	£200
For the Loss of One Limb or One Eye ...	£100
Medical Fees for Injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her employment, up to...	£10
In the event of a Temporary Total Disablement up to 13 weeks	£1 per week

ORDER FORM.
To be Retained by Newsagent.

To .....
Newsagent.

Please deliver "JOHN BULL," to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address .....

January 7, 1922.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM.
Which must be posted to—
JOHN BULL INSURANCE DEPT., Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

..... Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured (Mr., Mrs., or Miss) .....

Home Address .....

January 7, 1922. .....

To remain qualified for the benefits readers must continue to have "John Bull" regularly supplied to them.

Enclose 1d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Registration Form is required.

Closes this week!

£2,500

FOR ONLY TEN RESULTS OR NEXT BEST COUPON

THE sum of £2,500 will be paid to the sender of a coupon containing the correct results of the 10 matches given. If 10 correct results are not given, the £2,500 will be awarded to the sender of the most correct results, so that in any event the £2,500 MUST BE WON. This is the

BIGGEST FOOTBALL PRIZE OFFERED BY ANY PAPER.

We advise competitors to make a careful study of football form before filling in their coupons. Scottish and Irish results are omitted. Competitors may send in as many coupons as they like.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

(1) All attempts must be made on coupons taken from papers announcing this competition. Coupons must be completely filled in with ink in ordinary handwriting (typewriting or pencil will not be allowed) and in accordance with the instructions given on this page.

(2) The sum of £2,500 (two thousand five hundred pounds) will be paid to the competitor sending a coupon containing the correct results of all the matches played to a finish. If no competitor succeeds in giving all the correct results, the sum of £2,500 will be paid to the competitor sending a coupon with the most correct results. In the event of a tie or ties, the prize to be won will be equally divided amongst the most successful competitors. No competitor can receive more than one share of the £2,500. Should any match not be played to a finish on the date given or as set out on the coupon, it will be disqualified.

How to Fill up Your Coupons

If you think the "Home" team will win, place a X in the column headed "Home"; if you think the "Away" team will win, place a X in the column headed "Away"; if you think the result will be a draw, place a X in the column headed "Draw." Only one X must be entered for each match. Coupons must be completely filled up in ink.

(3) Ten crosses in all must be marked on each coupon, one for each match. Coupons marked otherwise will be disqualified.

(4) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss, delay or non-delivery of any coupon. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt. No correspondence will be entered into, nor will interviews be granted.

(5) An altered or mutilated coupon will be disqualified. Any coupon received later than Thursday, Jan. 12th, will be disqualified. Employees of the papers conducting this competition are not eligible to compete.

(6) The Editor's decision must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters concerning this competition, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Run in conjunction with "Sunday Illustrated," "Boy's Pictorial" and "Sunday Sports Telegram."

"John Bull" Free Football Coupon.

Closing Date, Thursday, January 12th.
Matches to be played Saturday, January 14th.

HOME TEAM		AWAY TEAM	HOME	AWAY	DRAW
Arsenal	v.	Chelsea			
Aston Villa	v.	Burnley			
Manchester U.	v.	Newcastle U.			
Rotherham C.	v.	Leeds United			
Bradford	v.	Notts County			
Crystal Palace	v.	Hull City			
Blackpool	v.	Clapton Orient			
Brentford	v.	Southampton			
Swansea	v.	Plymouth A.			
Gillingham	v.	Luton Town			

☞ Coupons must be cut—not torn—from "John Bull" only. I enter "John Bull" Football Competition No. 17, and agree to abide by the rules and conditions on this coupon, and accept the Editor's decision as final and binding in all matters in connection therewith.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

P.O. No. .....

☞ PLEASE NOTE NEW ADDRESS. Cut out Coupon neatly and address all entries as follows: Football Competition No. 17, "JOHN BULL," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Write "Football" in top left-hand corner of envelope. All coupons can be enclosed in one envelope, but this must not contain entries for other Competitions.

COMPETITORS MAY SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS THEY LIKE.

Result of Football Competition No. 16 appears on page 12.

NEXT WEEK HUGE EXCLUSIVE FOOTBALL PRIZE

Have YOU Tried QUEERIES???

£50
FIRST PRIZE
AND OVER
300
Other Prizes.

"QUERRIES," the fascinating new competition, is now running in the "London Mail" and "Evening News." ALL YOU HAVE TO DO is to answer, in not more than nine words, one or more of the "QUERRIES" given below. The Coupon below can be used for ONE QUERRY AND ONE ANSWER ONLY. *Extra attempts can be sent on plain paper.* A postal order at the rate of 6d. for each answer must be sent.

This example will guide you:—
Query:—What makes the wrinkles come?
Answer—Being overworked and underpaid.

QUERRIES FOR COMPETITION No. 10

WHAT WILL THE NEW YEAR BRING?
HOW WOULD YOU REDUCE TAXATION?
WHAT IS TUBE? WHAT IS A POLITICIAN?
WHY DON'T THE MEN PROPOSE?
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MARRIED LIFE?
WHAT MAKES A PERFECT DAY?
WHAT IS YOUR GREATEST AMBITION?

Address your envelope to "QUERRIES" No. 10, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

No. 10 (J.B.) Closing Date, January 17th.

YOUR ANSWER MUST CONSIST OF NOT MORE THAN NINE WORDS.

Query .....

.....?

Answer .....

.....

.....

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced.

Signed .....

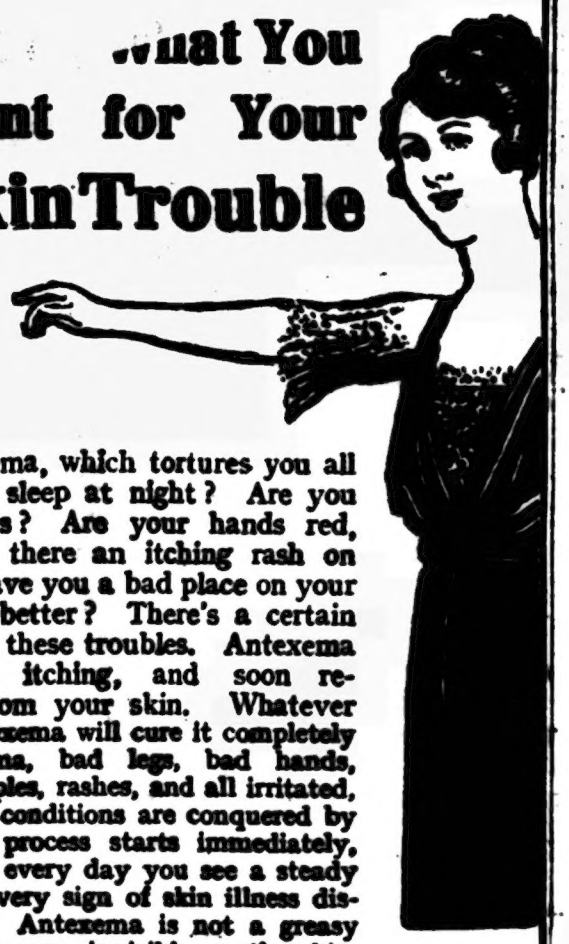
Address .....

.....

P.O. at rate of 6d. for each answer must be sent.

EXTRA ATTEMPTS CAN BE SENT ON PLAIN PAPER.

...hat You want for Your Skin Trouble



Are you worried by eczema, which tortures you all day, and won't let you sleep at night? Are you disfigured by face spots? Are your hands red, rough, or cracked? Is there an itching rash on your back or chest? Have you a bad place on your leg that refuses to get better? There's a certain remedy for every one of these troubles. Antexema immediately stops all itching, and soon removes every blemish from your skin. Whatever your skin complaint, Antexema will cure it completely and permanently. Eczema, bad legs, bad hands, babies' skin troubles, pimples, rashes, and all irritated, inflamed or diseased skin conditions are conquered by Antexema. The healing process starts immediately, new skin begins to grow, every day you see a steady improvement, and soon every sign of skin illness disappears never to return. Antexema is not a greasy ointment. It is cleanly in use, invisible on the skin, and always succeeds. Why not begin your cure at once?

Get Antexema To-day

Antexema is supplied by all Chemists and Stores everywhere. Also at Boots, Cash Chemists Army and Navy Civil Service Stores, Harrods, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parke's, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, and Lewis & Burrows, at 3s. and 1s. 3d., the larger size being the more economical; or post free, direct, 3s. and 1s. 6d., from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.1. Also throughout India, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa, and Europe.

Before our Great New Year Offer is withdrawn send for

This 10/6 Pen FREE

YOUR FINAL OPPORTUNITY

Fill in this Coupon to-day! This is absolutely your last opportunity to get this half-guinea 'John Bull' Pen FREE.

FREE GIFT COUPON
AVAILABLE FOR
10 DAYS

To the Manager, "John Bull" Pen Dept., 27, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I enclose Cheque P.O. for 8s. 9d., plus 3d. for postage and insurance. Please send me by Insured Post a JOHN BULL Lever Self-Filling Model Pen, together with FREE New Year Gift of Standard Model Pen. I require Fine Medium, or Broad Nibs.
(Strike out words not applicable).

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Date.....

Write in PRINTED LETTERS. J.B., 7.1.22.

So great has been the reception of our Sensational Free Gift Offer that we have decided, at the special request of many readers, to extend it for a further 10 days into the New Year.

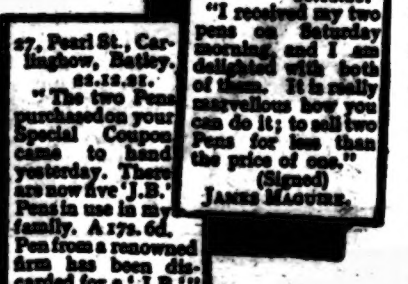
This is positively your last chance to obtain TWO splendid "JOHN BULL" Pens at the price of ONE.

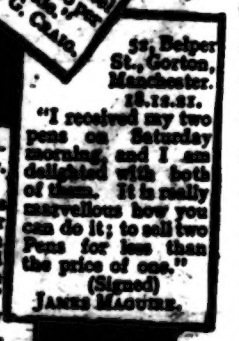
The Coupon at the side entitles every purchaser of an 8s. 9d. "JOHN BULL" Self-Filling Pen (complete with every up-to-date improvement and equal to any 17s. 6d. pen on the market) to receive one of our famous 10s. 6d. Standard Model Pens ABSOLUTELY FREE OF COST.

Don't miss YOUR opportunity. A few days hence will be too late. ACT TO-DAY!

This Free Gift offer is available at all the "John Bull" Pen Depots.

"I recently purchased two pens on your Special Coupon for a total of 8s. 9d. I can with all sincerity say they are the best value I have ever obtained for such a small outlay."
(Signed) D. HIGGINS.


"The two Pens purchased on your Special Coupon came to hand yesterday. There are now five 'J.B.' Pens in use in my family. A 17s. 6d. Pen from a renowned firm has been discarded for a 'J.B.'"
J. W. BRAGAN.


"I received my two pens on Saturday morning, and I am delighted with both of them. It is really marvellous how you can do it; to sell two Pens for less than the price of one."
(Signed) JAMES MAGUIRE.

Read these Letters—

Hundreds more can be seen on our files.

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